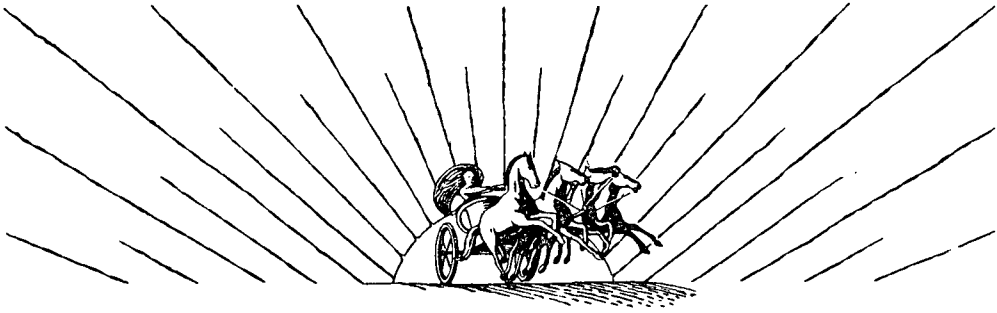

THE LIVING AGE

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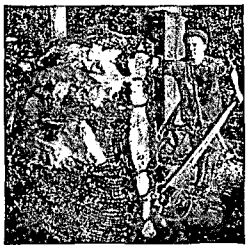

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THE GUIDE POST

EACH of our three leading articles represents a different view of the relations between Islam and Western civilization. The irate Constantinople editor of *L'Écho de Turquie* does not go through any setting-up exercises — he is hot under the collar to start with, and is typical of many of his countrymen, who cannot be much blamed for expressing disgust at Occidental hypocrisy. Europe is used to it, but on the naïve Ottoman it produces violent effects. The Tory *Saturday Review* backs up its enthusiasm for British Imperialism with sound knowledge of the various fields which it is the white man's burden to enlighten. Complementary to this view is the discussion of the West from an Angora paper. This anonymous contributor, unlike the man from Constantinople, keeps his head and endeavors to discover what Occidentalism amounts to. His views coincide more closely with those of Kemal Pasha, whose modern ideas may dampen his own religious enthusiasm, but not that of his followers.

* * *

The Communist sympathies of the *Labour Monthly* would lead it to agree with Karl Marx's prophecy that the revolt against Capitalism would first break out in England. Mr. Dutt is clearly saturated with the Class War school of economics, which has attracted a brilliant group of followers in England. The obliging Tory press gives these alarmists far more publicity than they could possibly afford for themselves. This statement of their position shows just what the moderates of all Parties are up against.

* * *

Dr. Eichelbaum's researches in Panama indicate that Germany's loss of her colonies has not sufficed to keep her restless scientists at home. Mr. Hastings offers an illuminating contrast. Here, in a Tory review with its appeal to Imperialistic instincts, we find the stolid jungle Englishman, more taciturn and aloof than the inquisitive Teuton, shouldering the burden of administration instead of extending the bounds of scientific knowledge.

* * *

Editor of *La Revue Mondiale*, a current-affairs semimonthly, M. Finot is going in for the bizarre vogue established by many of the cleverer young French writers since the war. Although his style is conventional, the subject of his forthcoming novel, from which 'Shorty's First Race' is taken, has the unconventionality of most successful French fiction to-day.

* * *

Dr. Hans Barth is one of the favorite German essayists of the elder school. His work appears frequently in the Liberal *Berliner Tageblatt*, one of the best newspapers in Europe.

* * *

The British poet Humbert Wolfe is already known to American readers through the publication last fall of his *Unknown Goddess*. Another collection of his verse is announced for this year too.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *JULY 24, 1926* — NO. 4281

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Debating the League

THIS summer the League of Nations has undoubtedly been more of a bone of contention than a bond of unity among its members, and it is difficult to determine whether its present pains indicate healthy growth or untimely dissolution. Certainly at the moment centrifugal forces seem to be preponderant. This dispersive tendency exhibits itself not only within the League but also in other national and continental groupings. The discord that clearly existed beneath the surface at the brief Little Entente Conference in Yugoslavia last month was aggravated by Rumania's suspicion that Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia had a secret agreement for keeping the former country in the League Council and electing Yugoslavia's representative President of the coming Assembly. Italy is 'taking it out' on Germany by threatening to oppose that country's admission to the League, or at least her claim to a permanent seat in the Council. Another version has it that Italy is threatening to secede from the League, which Mussolini personally hates, in order to make France submit to her pretensions in Abyssinia. King Alfonso has visited Paris and London, presumably to press Spain's claim to a permanent Council seat, basing his argument in the former capital upon the present Franco-Spanish alliance in Morocco, and in the latter upon alleged promises made to Spain by the British Government.

A broader cleft in the League exists between the American nations and those of Europe, which is attracting the somewhat alarmed attention of the Continental press. Latin America has insisted from the first, as we have already pointed out, that all League members should have equal status — that the present hierarchy of privileged Great Powers and unprivileged Little Powers must be abolished. Argentina made that a condition of her membership from the first. Brazil, now that her claim to a permanent seat in the Council has been rejected, has adopted the same thesis as an apology for her resignation. Señor Guani, Uruguay's representative at the last session of the Council, where he presided, after an eloquent eulogy of Brazil as a champion of compulsory

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arbitration, declared that the existence of permanent Council seats was contrary to America's democratic principles, and advocated their abolition; and while Brazil was not supported by the other Latin-American Powers in her claim to a permanent place in the Council, she seems to have won the sympathy of those Powers by her resignation. Señor Alvarez, Secretary-General of the American Institute of International Law, in a recent address at Paris, advocated revising the Covenant to permit of regional organizations inside the League — continental leaguelets, so to speak. He cited the Pan-American Union, not as a model, but as an illustration of what he meant. That body, however, possesses no general powers such as have been conceded to the Geneva organization, and it is dominated by the United States. The Spanish-speaking republics would prefer a body subordinate to Geneva, as an anchor to windward against Washington. They insist on compulsory arbitration of all disputes between nations, 'which the United States does not want.'

A significant article upon this subject has appeared in *El Sol*, a censored Liberal Madrid journal favorable to the Directory, suggesting that Spain would be more comfortable in an American League than in the European body. 'Actually the following countries are not at present members of the League: the United States, Mexico, Argentina, and Brazil. Look at the map of the Western Hemisphere and see what that means. . . . And let us ask frankly, in case there should be a schism in the League of Nations — which is daily becoming deeper bogged in Europe's Slough of Despond — and a secondary League of Nations should arise in America, where are we to stand? My opinion is that Spain would do wisely to join America, for although she is geographically, and to some extent historically, part of Europe, her spiritual empire and her future lie across the Atlantic.'

England's Convalescence Pains

A COAL strike, unemployment, Soviet intrigue, Liberal dissensions, trade-union legislation, tennis tournaments, golf championships, the Derby, to say nothing of foreign problems galore, must make a curious medley in the mind of the average British citizen if he has time, after earning his taxes, to take thought of the world about him. So far as the public knows from the press reports, no progress has been made toward settling the coal tie-up. The dispute between the mineowners and the miners has settled down to a grim war of endurance. Mr. Baldwin, after departing tentatively from the Report of the Coal Commission with a bill to extend the working day in the mines, has hesitated on the threshold of new legislation. The Conservatives contemplate amending the laws governing trade-unions, particularly with the idea of making strikes illegal unless they are authorized by a secret ballot of a majority of the members; but they too have delayed definite action. Official resentment at the financial support offered to the leaders of the general strike, and passed on to the striking coal miners, by the Soviet Government threatened to create new difficulties between Downing Street and Moscow, and also to divide the Cabinet; but here too nothing decisive has happened. England's concern over Soviet propaganda reflects an uneasy consciousness that conditions for such propaganda are growing more favorable. We print this week a Communist article italicizing some of the grounds for that opinion.

But the fundamental fact in Great

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Britain is that her industries are in process of transformation; the centre of gravity of her industrial world is shifting. Old trades are dying and new ones are taking their place under the stress of technical progress and changing world markets. Coal is losing its sovereignty as a source of power. The railroads must dispute their former monopoly of transportation with the motor truck. Foreign competitors are eating into the market for Britain's ancient staple manufactures. Simultaneously, new industries better accommodated to the needs of the dawning era are thriving. Motor-car companies are busy and making high profits, while shipbuilding is depressed; cotton mills are showing heavy losses, but artificial silk manufacturers are making millions; and though Europe is too poor to buy British goods, British colonial investments — especially in plantation industries — are earning enormous dividends. While some people are growing poorer, others are growing legitimately richer, in the sense that they have put their money into new lines of production that are proving increasingly remunerative.

The *Westminster Gazette* has gathered from a number of official sources, 'whose figures are unimpeachable,' evidence to show that some fifteen million small investors in Great Britain have savings amounting in the aggregate to nearly three billion pounds sterling, and that these figures are consistently growing.

This prosperity seems to be pretty uniformly distributed throughout the country. Despite the long depression in the Clydeside shipbuilding industry, the number of post office savings bank depositors there has risen to half a million during the past twelve months, and the total of their deposits now exceeds twenty-two million pounds sterling.

France's Political Cauldron

WHATEVER one writes of French politics to-day is ancient history to-morrow; but regarded merely as history, the three outstanding features of the past few weeks have been M. Briand's redemonstration of his remarkable political deftness and agility, the appointment of the Committee of Experts on the monetary crisis, and the return of M. Caillaux to the Ministry of Finance. Facing a Chamber of disintegrated or disintegrating coalitions, M. Briand had to satisfy public opinion by pretending to form a 'National Ministry,' or *Union Sacrée*, as a concession to the political faddism of the moment. He may have known from the outset that this was impossible. Such a Ministry must include M. Poincaré, whose ability and integrity, as well as his position as the dominant member of the Opposition, made him indispensable; and it must also include M. Herriot, the President of the Chamber, as the weightiest counterpoise on the Radical side. Herriot refused the partnership, as Briand probably knew he would, whereupon the next logical move was to allow that gentleman to try to form a cabinet — and fail. The expected happened, and the country turned again to M. Briand as the only savior of the situation, and let him have the ministry he probably wanted — but for how long only the reader of the inscrutable can predict.

The appointment of the Committee of Experts, on the lines of the Cunliffe Commission, which prescribed the regimen for Britain's return to a gold basis, was welcomed by everyone except the Socialists. But confidence that such a Commission can steer clear of political influence, which existed in Great Britain, does not prevail in France. M. Caillaux is said to have accepted office on the condition that Parliament should give him a free

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hand — indeed, practically dictatorial control over the financial and economic policies of the Government. One of his first acts was to replace the Governor of the Banque de France by a new man of his own selection. Some papers were alarmed by this action, which *Le Temps* called 'a seizure of the Banque de France.' The new manager, M. Émile Moreau, is more of a political financier than was his predecessor. While it is premature to speak of a dictatorship, or even a financial dictatorship, M. Caillaux, who is Vice-Premier as well as Finance Minister, may be expected either to succeed brilliantly or to fail disastrously.

Dangers of Dictators

THAT well-organized plots should be discovered within one month, to assassinate Mustapha Kemal in Turkey, and to overthrow the Directory and dethrone Alfonso in Spain, are a significant commentary upon the precarious basis of arbitrary power. Mustapha Kemal was already aboard the train which was to take him to a seaside resort near Smyrna, where four conspirators armed with bombs and revolvers were awaiting him, when a confederate betrayed the plot and disclosed the fact that many Turks of high position were involved in the attempt to overthrow the existing Government.

The pot has been boiling in Italy for some time, although only an occasional bubble has risen to the surface. The attempt to assassinate Mussolini last fall, which is just being aired in the courts, hardly had the proportions of a conspiracy; but even disregarding the Socialists and anarchists, bitter resentments exist within the Fascist ranks. Farinacci, the most violent sachem among Black Shirt warriors, who has been deposed by Mussolini, is credited by the obscure and scandalmongering — but sometimes accurately informed — radical sheets that come to light here and there in Europe with a hatred for his chief that would baulk at nothing. Doubtless this is an exaggeration, but the arrest of Count Lusignani, one of Farinacci's most loyal lieutenants, in connection with a great bank scandal at Parma throws a flash of light on the conditions that sometimes induce men to resort to desperate remedies to conceal their misdeeds. Farinacci, to be sure, has washed his hands of his former friends who are implicated in this scandal, but there are hot-headed underlings in his branch of the Party who have less sense of responsibility than their leader. The ramifications of the Spanish plot are equally obscure, but it is said to have embraced General Weyler and the discontented element in the army, as well as many Liberals and Republicans.

Fact and Fancy from China

A JAPANESE telegraph agency at Peking not long ago published a list of the thirty most prominent Chinese statesmen and military men who died last year. Seven were tuchuns, one a civil governor, four army commanders, one a commander in the navy, three ministers or ex-ministers, and the others had been almost equally prominent in the public life of the country, although they had not held equally distinguished posts. Of the thirty men, only twelve had met a natural death.

A *North China Herald* correspondent reports from Peking that native financiers have accommodated their transactions to the speculative uncertainties of war and explosive politics so successfully that they are averse to seeing things settle down. 'The shortage of what would elsewhere be considered

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legitimate investments forces Chinese banks to rely, in part or in whole, upon speculation in all manner of securities which can be manipulated on the market — any securities that are not too well secured, in other words. Chinese banks pay a higher interest on deposits than most Occidental banks, and exact from borrowers anything from four to eight per cent, so they have to keep their funds moving actively at high rates of interest to yield a profit. . . . As the field outside the treaty ports becomes less secure for investments, more money flows in from the provinces. The result is that the banks are glutted with money and therefore frantically in search of investments that will yield, not six or eight per cent, but twelve or fifteen per cent, or even more.' Such investments cannot be found in ordinary times, but they are available, for those 'on the inside,' during the present crises in China.

A correspondent of the *China Weekly Review*, who recently interviewed Marshal Wu Pei-fu, thus describes his embarrassment upon his first introduction to that military statesman. 'Before we had an opportunity to sit down, a medium-sized man entered the room, to announce, as I thought, that the Marshal would be ready to see us shortly. I was examining the artificial flowers in the cheap glass vase on the table, and thinking what a pity it was to have such gaudy imitations there when an abundance of beautiful genuine flowers was in the yard outside, when the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs nudged me with his elbow and said in a stage whisper, "His Excellency the Marshal." I had not noticed any Marshal come into the room, and was considerably embarrassed when the Commissioner turned me around and presented me to the medium-sized and somewhat scholarly-appearing gentleman who had entered when we were first ushered in. He was wearing an ordinary, dark-brown silk gown, and the only military uniform in evidence was that of the sentry outside the door.' The correspondent describes the Marshal as 'a man of small stature, probably not more than five feet, two or three inches in height, and certainly not weighing more than one hundred and forty pounds. His hair, though closely cropped in the military fashion, is slightly brown, and his moustache is decidedly reddish brown, while his eyes are very light brown.'

Among other tactful questions which the correspondent put to the present master of one third of China was whether he was being financed by the British. A rumor was current that he had received a considerable portion of the eighteen or twenty million dollars in gold which the British Government is reported to have remitted to China to help British merchants suffering from the boycott. To this inquiry Wu replied: 'I am not receiving, and have not received, any British or any other foreign money. I would not accept money even from you Americans.'

Referring to his relations with Chang Tso-lin, whom he was fighting not long ago, Wu said: 'You see, Chang and I are like a man and wife. In China husbands and wives often do a lot of quarreling and fighting immediately after their marriage, but after a time they understand each other better and quit fighting. Then they live peaceably together the rest of their lives and are happy. Chang and I are just like that. We have finished our quarreling and fighting, and are going to live peacefully together from now on.' Then he added with a smile: 'Now in America your husbands and wives act differently. When they first get married they are very loving and sweet with each other, but after a while they start

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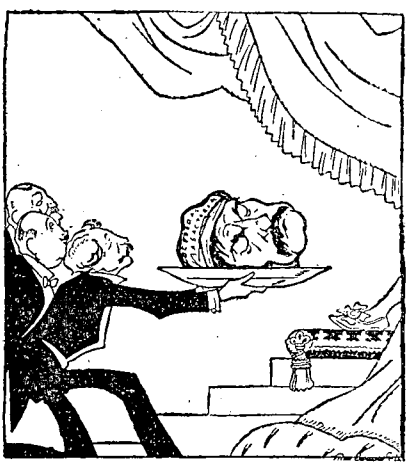
fighting, and finally end up by getting a divorce. The Chinese way is better.'

Minor Notes

A Moscow official publication called *Rural Economy on the Way to Reconstruction*, from which certain summaries are published in the British *Economic Review of the Foreign Press*, confesses that the Soviet Government lost pretty heavily on its grain exports last year, on account of excessive overhead charges. The most conspicuous case was that of rye, for which the farmers were paid ninety kopecks a pood, and for which the Government received one hundred and thirty kopecks a pood. But the cost of handling this grain was sixty-two kopecks, so that there was a net loss of twenty-two kopecks upon every pood handled. The deficit was not nearly as great in case of barley, wheat, and oil cake, and there was a profit on maize and sunflower seeds. Nevertheless, taking the entire exports of agricultural produce, the average loss per pood was four and one-half kopecks. The same article frankly admits that the overhead charges — that is, the Government's cost of handling — are four times as high as before the war, when the grain trade was in the hands of private dealers.

A SIGNIFICANT decision was made by the National Committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union of Great Britain last month, when it resolved to form an industrial section of the Union with no qualifications for membership other than employment in the engineering industry. Since the engineers have been among the most tenacious defenders of the principle of craft unionism in Great Britain, this step represents a radical, if not entirely unexpected, concession to industrial unionism in response to changing conditions in a trade where automatic machinery is so rapidly taking the place of individual skill.

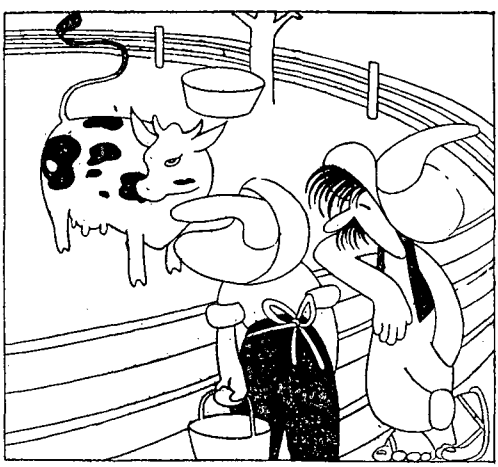
'THE TRAITORS'



Ramsay MacDonald, Thomas, and Henderson, whom the Bolsheviki accuse of sabotaging the general strike, presenting the head of Labor to the King.

— *Izvestia*, Moscow

MEXICAN SELF-INTERPRETATION



'She 's a Swiss cow, but she only gives a pint of milk a day.'

'Probably she 's gone and got naturalized.'

— *El Universal*, Mexico City

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TU QUOQUE, ASSASSIN![1]

BY AN IRATE EDITOR

THE World War gave birth to a special literature which has for its object the narration of atrocities which the late agitated period of fifteen years has witnessed. This literature has created a nervous and powerful style of its own, which has developed with an unsuspected rapidity and vigor. It has as its topics: burned towns, sundered families, babies torn from their mothers' arms, captive soldiers with amputated hands and ears, officers deprived of their sight, massacres, tortures, and barbarous butcheries of all sorts.

This species of publications has flourished particularly in America and in England. The writers of this new school tried themselves out first on Germany. The German nation, which has, it is certain, contributed abundantly to civilization, which has enriched literature, music, and science with so many recognized masterpieces, became overnight, thanks to a clever and unscrupulous propaganda, a horde of savages and a dishonor to humanity.

It is well known with what abundance of detail and with what virulence the alleged atrocities committed by the Germans in Belgium were stigmatized. The word German soon came to be synonymous with everything barbarous and bestial. This literature has left us such tales as those of the German soldier drinking from the skull of the mother the blood of her child, the German officer making a salad of the shattered brains of year-old babies, the troop commander ordering the massacre of all the old people of a town to give his ear the pleasure of their shrieks.

The writers who undertook the task of purveying such atrocious stories, and others unnamable, constantly served up this kind of prose to Anglo-Saxon public opinion. During the World War, and the years which immediately followed, the man of letters who detailed the bloodiest scenes, and who devoted his pen to painting horrors that make one's hair stand on end, was alone blessed with repeated new editions, quickly exhausted.

Men get used to anything. A goodly number of Americans and British finally became surfeited with this kind of writing. But for a time the cry of the Belgian baby having his brains dashed out was a kind of music for them. Certain men took an hysterical pleasure in accounts of the disemboweling of women. And so Anglo-Saxon literature had its period of sickening truculence.

It was impossible for Turkey to escape supplying its full share of alimentation to the literature that dissected atrocities and concocted martyrologies. There was more than one reason why we should not be spared. For one thing, the Turks are not Christians, and in the eyes of many writers everyone who is not a follower of Jesus is a cruel and unnatural creature. The mischief-making Sultan, the ferocious Janissary, and the bloody headsman, must of course furnish material for many a sensational legend. That the Janissaries were only an historical

[1] From *L'Écho de Turquie* (Constantinople Turkish Independent daily), *June* 13

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memory and that the headsman no longer existed were of little import. Such authors did not worry overmuch about documentary proof.

Since America has lent Germany several million dollars, her atrocity writers have let that country alone. For some time, moreover, they ceased to concern themselves with us in any special fashion. Now, however, they have just bethought themselves to devote two volumes to us, with the object of preventing the American Senate from ratifying the Treaty of Lausanne.

These are two perfect specimens of that particular brand of literature. One of them was produced by a committee which has been formed expressly for the purpose of preventing the ratification of the Lausanne Treaty. The other comes from the pen of an ex-consul of the United States at Smyrna. In both of these volumes the subject and the object pursued are the same. The second, however, merits greater attention because it emanates from a man who once held public office and who calls himself impartial. This work, which is entitled *The Blight of Asia*, describes the burning of Smyrna and the massacre of Greeks and Armenians.

There is a famous saying, 'A lie which is mixed with truth is more dangerous than one made up out of the whole cloth.' Smyrna was destroyed by a fire; but the fire was not, as the veracious consul pretends, started by the Turks. It seems superfluous to us to repeat the reasons that make it impossible for it to have been the Turks who set fire to the city. To-day there are no longer any Greeks in Anatolia. This is a fact which no one dreams of disputing. But the Greeks were not exterminated by the Turks, as this book affirms. They were transported to Greece in accordance with the agreement for the exchange of populations.

The book fairly swarms with inaccuracies similar to those we have just mentioned. All who are familiar with conditions and events in Turkey will be able to find an error or a myth in almost every line. This work, however, is destined to be read by many readers who do not know whether Turkey is in Europe or in Africa, but who are able to exercise an influence on the foreign policy of their country.

If our own readers were like the readers on the other side of the Atlantic, we might recount to them how the Americans exterminated the indigenous races whose land they seized, how they still burn alive some of their fellow citizens who happen to have a black skin, how they stuck fire-hose nozzles in the mouths of Philippine Islanders and burst their stomachs — we could enrich with a few volumes that literature so dear to Anglo-Saxons; but we prefer to hold our tongues.

The Americans are not obliged to ratify the Treaty of Lausanne. Those who are opposed to this ratification, however, for reasons of personal interest or internal politics, ought to show a little discretion and not engage in a campaign of odious calumny against a nation which, after having recovered its independence at the price of immense sacrifices, desires to consecrate itself to the work of reconstruction, of peace, and of civilization.

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ISLAM IN EVOLUTION

A BRITISH AND A TURKISH OPINION

[THE following short summaries of current movements in the Mohammedan world represent diverse sources of opinion. The first is by an anonymous reviewer and appeared in the London *Saturday Review* of May 29. The second is by Agha Oghlu Ahmed, Deputy from Kars in the Grand National Assembly, and was published in the Angora semiofficial daily, *Hakimiyett-i-Millieh*, of May 20, 1926.]

I

'ISLAM reformed,' said Lord Cromer, in that imperial epic, *Modern Egypt*, 'is Islam no longer. It has yet to be proved that Islam can assimilate civilization without succumbing in the process. It is, indeed, not improbable that in its passage through the European crucible many of the distinctive features of Islam, the good alike with the bad, will be volatilized and that it will eventually issue forth in a form scarcely capable of recognition.' That was published eighteen years ago. Since then, the process which he saw beginning has moved toward a catastrophic climax. The full weight of the West has fallen on the Near East, with consequences full of both hope and menace. The House of Islam is divided against itself, and across a great block that lies along a line drawn southwest from Kashgar to the Niger Delta the issues of civilization are in the balance.

Recently Mustapha Kemal sanctioned the execution of several Turks for refusing to comply with the 'hats' order. This absurd incident was duly ridiculed, but the press on the whole did not see its real significance. It is an event very much the same in kind as Julian's reopening of the temples, or the Reformers' onslaughts on the 'images.' It is war on Islam as an established faith; New Rome shall be no Moslem capital, the tarboosh shall no more be seen in the streets thereof. Here we have, in symbol and in emblem, an epitome of the Islamic situation, and one of the choicer ironies of history. The fear of affronting Moslem opinion in India, the delicacy of the Caliphate question, have for years been dominant factors in our policy. They have won for Turkey a consideration, a forbearance in face of slaughter and misgovernment, which necessity (it was argued) imposed upon us. Young Turkey has deposed and deported the Caliph, dissolved the monasteries, disestablished Islam! She has abdicated her Moslem suzerainty and under the brilliant leadership of Kemal set herself to deliberate Westernization. Angora, indeed, appears to take the view that the Turks took a fatally wrong turning when they embraced Islam in Turkestan before they descended upon Europe. The Koran has been the cause of their backwardness, the blight on their progress and administration. Islam has been the 'dope of the people,' and the New Turkey must be liberated. It is even said — but I do not know with what truth — that attempts are being made to win men back to the old ancestral

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Turkish paganism, and Enver is said to have supplied the troops with a prayer that contains an address to the 'White Wolf.' But at least, although its recent dealings with the Kurds, Armenians, or the Phanar disclose no leanings toward Christianity, Angora sees no necessity for the Prophet.

But elsewhere, too, though in less sensational ways, the solidity of Islam has been undermined. The war, with its consequent nationalist passions, has fatally smashed the Pan-Islamic movement. Arabs and Turks were fighting one another; whatever they fought for, it was not a holy war. The result of those years has left Syria, Irak, Palestine, and Egypt under the control of Western Powers, and the holy places at first under British protection and now in the hands of the fanatical Wahabis. Nationalism, as once before in Europe, has come into conflict with 'Catholicism,' and nationalism certainly looks like winning. In Egypt Copts and Moslems worked together, cross and crescent on the same banner, during the anti-British risings. In Palestine, Moslem and Christian were united in opposition to Lord Balfour's Zionism. There are similar situations in India. The old religious exclusiveness is breaking; the law of apostasy is invoked no longer, and over the more exposed Moslem areas there is a new widening of mental horizons. It looks as though Pan-Islamism is dead. It remains to be seen whether Islam itself can inspire and direct the new national cultures.

Or rather, to go back to Lord Cromer's dictum, it remains to be seen whether Islam can survive the terrific impact of the West upon it. The war brought numbers of Moslem troops and bearers into close association with Western life and thought; and the post-war desert railways and motor routes have opened a new world to Western travelers, and opened the Western world, in turn, to it. From Bagdad to Damascus, from the Hejaz to Amman, from any of these places to Cairo, Brindisi, Paris, London, has ceased to be a very adventurous journey. It is calculated that more Moslems come to Europe now each year than make the Pilgrimage. The Moslem world is learning to read and write. The chain of French schools across North Africa, British schools in Egypt and Central Africa, in Palestine, Persia, and Northern India, the American University in Cairo — all these are undermining the old faith. Education and the Koran cannot coexist. It is said that eighteen sets of the *Britannica* have been sold by Arab booksellers in Bagdad. The son of the sheik brought up in the Al Azhar graduates in physics at the university. The student class demand emancipation for the women who are to be their companions. Moslem women are leading Feminist movements. The harem and the veil are going out of use; monogamy is becoming normal. This vast central wedge of territory, for centuries impervious and impregnable, is being penetrated by Western thought, and the old faith is inevitably decaying. It is true that the Modernist movement in Islam, centred in Aligarh and Woking, seems to be coming to terms with Western knowledge. It is true that the old orthodox are stimulated to impassioned attempts to recover their weakened hold. But the end of the process seems inevitable. These tendencies are the birth pangs of an Islamic revolution. One of the great religions of the world, with over two hundred and thirty million believers, is beginning to lose the allegiance of the faithful. The vital question is: What will succeed it? Will it be merely Western rationalism, or Western culture in its truest sense,

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built on a spiritual tradition ? Whence will the new Near East draw its faith — from Leningrad or from Jerusalem? Christian opinion must take that question seriously.

II

We confess that we are Occidentalists — that is to say, we believe in adopting all the apparatus of Western civilization, from its machinery of government to its family life. We do not see any other means of salvation.

Does our Occidentalism mean atheism? To answer this question satisfactorily, visit Germany, France, England, and then travel through Arabia, Persia, and India, and contrast the religious manifestations in those two parts of the world. You will discover that they are not only stronger and more vital, but also more intelligent and more fruitful, in the West. There men do not kill each other for a cow in the name of religion; they do not mutilate themselves in pious ecstasy; they do not whirl or jump about until they fall to the ground frothing at the mouth. They do not even have to listen in their temples to uncouth and superstitious nonsense. No, their religion is not polluted with such barbarism. It is rather a spring where the heart and mind may go to be purified. Their houses of God are a refuge from which those who frequent them carry away, not hatred and mistrust of their brethren, but sentiments of love, fraternity, and good-fellowship.

Therefore in principle Occidentalism in no way signifies irreligion. You will ask: 'Does not the true faith of Islam inspire these same virtues of the heart and soul?' Yes, certainly, and it is precisely for this reason that we are Occidentalists. It is because we believe that true Islamism can also assure us these virtues, and others beside, and that it can become a powerful factor in raising the morals of the Turkish nation, that we look forward to Islam's entering upon a new path.

Some will object: 'You also recommend closing our religious schools and suppressing our monasteries. How do you reconcile that with your wish to see our religion elevated to a higher place?' We reply again that we do indeed wish to see such institutions as the *medresses* (religious schools) and the *tekkes* (monasteries) abolished. But we desire this precisely because we wish to see the true faith of Islam elevated and properly developed.

History shows that there were neither medresses nor tekkes at the time of the Prophet, or of the four Caliphs elected after him. Yet that was the most fruitful period of Islam — fruitful precisely because our faith was not corrupted by the absurdities that have been grafted upon it subsequently. It was pure, it was crystalline. Its followers sought their inspiration solely in the holy scriptures. They went directly to the very men who were the sources of knowledge. The medresses and tekkes were created later. They began to appear as soon as it was no longer possible to receive inspiration immediately from the founders of the faith. Their mission was to preserve Islam in its original purity, to give every true believer an opportunity of receiving the inspiration of the Koran. They were to replace the sages and the savants and to become the guides of the people. For a time they did perform these services. And so long as they did that, Islamism was the unsullied sun of humanity. But little by little they forgot their duties and neglected them. Ignorance, fanaticism, sottish superstition, gained the upper hand, and the transplendent sun of Islam was eclipsed.

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Now a nation which has resolved to save itself, a people striving for new life and renovation, must take thought also of its religion. For religion is the most powerful force in creating a spiritual and social order. No society that has neglected religion has ever survived. It is the basis of all social education. Therefore the Turkish nation, having resolved to save itself, to regenerate itself, has simultaneously resolved to save its religion also and to make it a source of virtue and well-being.

This leads me to the question of whether we can tolerate these medresses and tekkes, these institutions that have smothered our true religion under a weight of superstitious absurdities, and have become seed beds of ignorance and fanaticism. Can we conceive a people which seeks to elevate itself, to grow greater, to perfect itself morally and materially, leaving defiled the very fountain from which it must draw inspiration?

No, it was necessary, if we were to save our religion at all, to free it from these evil influences. We have done so. But is that enough? No. We have so far merely cleared away the obstacles that stood in the way of saving and elevating our faith. It is now our duty to undertake the task of restoring it. We must create new institutions capable of giving back to our religion all its former splendor, of sifting out its ancient truths and drawing forth its sublime inspiration.

Our leaders have long pondered this subject, and it is with the objects I describe in mind that they have already established the College of Theology at Constantinople, and the Bureau of Religious Affairs at Angora.

We see, therefore, that Occidentalism does not imply atheism. Truly Occidental-minded men can never forget this fundamental principle — that the religious ideas of a nation become higher the further it advances along the path of civilization.

IS ENGLAND HEADING TOWARD REVOLUTION?[1]

BY R. PALME DUTT

[This analysis of the British general strike, which we imagine may prove in retrospect the most important historical event of the year in England, probably errs on the alarmist side as much as the self-congratulatory accounts that reach the general reader err in the opposite direction; but it is an interpretation worth weighing.]

[1] From the *Labour Monthly* (London Communist review), *June*

Every prediction, policy, and warning of the revolutionaries has been justified by the events of May. The Government's nine months of preparations have led to the inevitable and provoked conflict between the entire organized strength of capitalism and the working class in Britain, which the reformist labor leaders refused either to foresee or to prepare for, and proved unable to conduct. This conflict has proved the

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first great mass struggle between the united working class and the ruling class since the days of Chartism, and the opening of a new revolutionary era in Britain.

The bourgeoisie believe that by their victory the revolution is henceforth killed in this country. They fail to see that the exact opposite is the case, and that the events of the past month are the greatest mass-revolutionary lesson in British history. In this conflict the forms of democracy have been flung to the winds, and the naked force of the State has been revealed in action against the working class. The unhesitating solidarity, enthusiasm, and fighting energy of the workers in response have been the triumphant vindication of the working class, and the guaranty of future victory, and have proved the truth of the revolutionary contention that the masses in Britain are already far in advance, in class instinct and revolutionary courage, of their backward leaders.

That this first stage of the new revolutionary battle of the British workers should have been lost and betrayed by the collapse of the reformist leadership was inevitable. But the lesson will be learned. Even the bitter experience of defeat is an essential part of the learning of the revolutionary task. The crimes, follies, and treacheries of the reformist leadership are paid for in the blood of the workers. It is a heavy price. But the fight goes on; the miners already have shown the way. The way forward lies, not through weakening or abandonment of the struggle, but through renewed struggle, stronger unity, new leadership, new fighting methods, to pit stronger force against the force of the capitalist class and the State. The battle to-day is centred in the miners' struggle, and in the fight against reprisals on the working class. And from henceforth the whole dominating thought and will of every class-conscious worker is fixed with relentless determination on the supreme aim — Next Time!

The bourgeoisie are shouting loudly that the revolution is henceforth dead in this country, that it has no future in the English-speaking world, that parliamentary government is saved. Their cries would be more convincing if they did not shout so loud. It would not have occurred to the English bourgeoisie of fifty years ago to trumpet across the columns of every newspaper and the headlines of every political speech that they were still alive, and not yet overthrown. Their clamor betrays the measure of their fear; and their very asseverations that it can never occur again reveal their uneasy consciousness that it is only too certain to occur again, in a very much more serious form. The future in Britain depends, not on imaginary questions of national psychology, but on objective conditions.

The continuing crisis in Britain makes certain the recurrence of the struggle on a more intense scale. The past fifteen years have witnessed a continuous series of ever-enlarging conflicts between capitalism and the working class, not only because of the increasing concentration of organization on each side, and the growth of class-consciousness, but also because of the capitalist decline in Britain under the inescapable pressure of the worsening economic situation, which is driving the capitalists to launch ever-renewed attacks on the workers' standards of living, and the workers to awaken to more fundamental issues. All these conditions continue to-day, and in an aggravated form. The late strike, far from being the culminating point, marks the transition from the old local labor conflicts to a new and broader mass struggle, which irre-

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sistibly carries us toward revolution.

The new feature of 1926 was that for the first time the battle was directly between the capitalist State and the whole working class. From this to conscious revolution is an inevitable step. It is because they know this that the bourgeoisie are concentrating all their force on preparing for this future struggle, and are endeavoring to use the moment of victory to shackle the working-class movement for the future, to introduce new legislation, to make the general strike illegal, and in every way by process of law to stave off the inevitable. In obedience to their masters, the Right Wing leaders are proclaiming that the general strike can never happen again, and are making 'Never Again' the moral of 1926. Certainly the general strike can never happen again in the same form, with the workers' forces shackled and bound by a leadership which did not believe in the struggle, and lulled by the opiate of a tradition of passive economic weapons suitable only to the old condition of the sectional trade-union struggle. When the general strike comes again, it will come with new leadership, a clearer aim, more active fighting methods, a hundred times stronger, not merely to show the passive strength of the workers, but to strike a blow at the seat of bourgeois power.

The general strike was the inevitable outcome of the whole previous development of the class conflict in Britain. An understanding of this fact is necessary for any discussion of the problems it has created. By common agreement the old sectional trade-union struggle had reached a point at which it could develop no further along the existing lines. The concentration of organization had already made every important industrial conflict a national conflict in each industry, and, therefore, from the beginning of the twentieth century, has increasingly involved the direct intervention of the State in every important industrial dispute. For the past twenty years every big industrial combat has been, in fact, more and more visibly, a political combat.

What hastened the whole process after the war was that the capitalist decline of Britain began rapidly to affect adversely just those skilled operatives and mechanics and workers in heavy industry who had been once the 'aristocracy' of labor and the backbone of the old reformist trade-unionism. This capitalist decline, unemployment, and 'bad trade,' knocked the bottom out of the old bargaining basis of trade-unionism. The trade-unions in the basic industries, in mining and in engineering, found that there was no basis left on which to bargain, and that, unless they were prepared to fight for fundamental changes in the organization of industry and to attack capitalist ownership itself, they could not even fight to maintain,—let alone improve, the standards of their members. From that moment reformism in the British Labor movement was doomed. The daily wage struggle had become in fact a revolutionary struggle and a political struggle. The workers could only advance as a class against the whole capitalist class. The battle for daily needs, which had once been the pillar of Liberalism, was now the driving force to revolution. The stronger organization and concentration of the capitalists, shown dramatically in such bodies as the Federation of British Industries, and the skillful combined strategy of the wage offensive of 1921–24, drove the lesson home.

At the same time the workers threw themselves into the political struggle. Already the mass agitation against the war on Soviet Russia, which had

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forced into being the Council of Action in 1920, had shown the complete blending of the political and industrial struggle, natural and instinctive to the masses, but fatally detrimental to the fig leaves of constitutionalism of the conservative trade-union leaders. The workers came forward in millions to vote under the banner of the Labor Party, which held out the objective of a Labor Government and of Socialism. But here the vicious tradition of reformism, which insists on a complete separation of the political and industrial worlds, and on keeping the political and industrial struggles in water-tight compartments, defeated the efforts of the workers. The conception of the political contest, not as a synthesis of the whole class conflict, but as a part of the old parliamentary game, actually claiming to have no class basis and completely divorced from the daily struggle of the workers, found its logical expression in the MacDonald Labor Cabinet of 1924, which set itself apart from the working class, and in consequence became simply a mouthpiece of capitalist policy. Therefore the workers, finding no help in a 'Labor Government' of this kind, pressed forward once again in the trade-union field, where they still hoped to find the united leadership they needed. The campaign for trade-union unity, for the workers' alliance, for single directing power in the hands of the General Council, was an expression of this fundamental demand for a united class front. Thus this demand and campaign, expressed through trade-union forms, were in reality already a political demand and campaign. The growth of the Minority Movement, which soon comprised one quarter of the whole trade-union membership, was also an expression of this new class aim within the trade-union organizations.

Thus by 1925 a critical and menacing condition had already arisen. The economic situation, the policy of the capitalists, the progress of Labor opinion, were all driving straight toward mass conflict between the united capitalist class and the united working class. All the most active men in the Labor ranks, all the most farseeing and thinking of their leaders, were aware of this, and were straining every nerve to prepare for it. But the men in control of the official Labor Party and the General Council belonged to the previous period and were soaked in its traditions and ideology. They could not get away from the idea that old-style local strikes on the one hand, and old-style parliamentary politics on the other, each carried on independently, were the only way to assert the rights of Labor.

The one new force in the councils of the Labor leaders appeared with the election in 1924 of 'Emperor Cook,' the miners' secretary, by the ballots of one million miners. Thus a single representative of the mass movement, outside the ranks of old-style trade-unionism, has made as heroic and desperate a fight for the new needs of mass solidarity as has ever been fought by any working-class leader — with the significant result that he has become the dynamic factor in the actual struggle, and he alone prevented a surrender before the struggle had even begun. The lesson of this experience, the whole-hearted response of the masses to a single straight leader, is of very great importance for the future. But in the recent strike Mr. Cook's efforts only threw into relief the dominant control of the old leaders; and although an important Left movement developed in Labor's official ranks, it was not yet strong enough or clear enough to defeat the Right, in whose hands the real direction lay.

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Aware of this trend of labor evolution, Baldwin and the bourgeoisie determined to throw their whole strength into preparing for the inevitable struggle. Sooner or later this conflict would have to come; and it was better that it should come, even with a little forcing, at a date convenient to the bourgeoisie, when their preparations were ready, and before the impending changes in labor leadership had taken place. Therefore they pursued a policy of deliberately provoking a general conflict in order to inflict a general defeat on the working class. They calculated that, while they were making elaborate preparations themselves, the reformist trade-union leaders would make no adequate counter preparations, but would trust in the old coöperation, and, even when the conflict had been forced upon them, would sabotage the fight and seek a way out at any price. This calculation proved correct. The nine months of Government preparations met no response from the organized working-class movement. Right up to the last week, and even up to the last moment, the official Labor Party, the Independent Labor Party, and the trade-union leaders declared that they did not consider the struggle inevitable, that measures of preparation were unnecessary or need not be hurried, that a way out would probably be found, that Baldwin was an honorable man, that the Government would probably continue the coal subsidy, and so forth.

Why did the reformist leaders fail to make serious preparations? Why did they fail to see the obvious approaching conflict? Why did they cling to the last to the belief that the struggle would not take place? Because to have admitted the real facts, the real character, of the crisis confronting the working class would have been to admit their own bankruptcy and to destroy the whole castle of dreams on which reformist democracy is built. If a class conflict is inevitable, then the game of parliamentarism is over, the pretense of a peaceful transfer of political power to the working class has vanished, and there is nothing left but a bitter fight to the finish between two organized classes. Rather than admit this, they clung to every shred of illusion, and refused to face patent facts. This did not make the facts any the less real; it did not lessen the blows on the working class; but it effectively prevented the working class from protecting themselves against those blows. Because the reformist leadership had placed parliamentary democracy and constitutional legality above the working class, they could not lead the workers, when the hour of crisis came, but had to sacrifice them.

For this leadership to call the general strike was a mockery. They had preached against a general strike. They had sworn their eternal opposition to the whole principle of a general strike. They had done everything to prevent any preparation for it, and to disarm the working class materially and mentally in advance. Their calling of the general strike was a surrender to overwhelming mass pressure on the one side, and to the forcing tactics of the Government on the other, which left them no escape despite their 'groveling.' It was a dishonest surrender against their own convictions; and the dishonesty is shown by nothing more clearly than by the fact that, the moment the strike was over and the defeat for which they prepared had taken place, the same leaders came hurrying forward to declare that the general strike was wrong in principle and in practice, and would not be resorted to again. If they had been honest, either they would have handed over the leadership to those who did be-

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lieve in it, or they would have openly confessed their error, confessed that the struggle was inevitable and that the working class could only save itself by fighting, and have thenceforth thrown their whole energy into winning the fight. They did neither. They called the general strike. They poured out the life-stream of working-class sacrifice and enthusiasm. But they did nothing to carry forward the struggle or give a leadership worthy of that sacrifice. Instead, their whole effort was concentrated on limiting, restraining, and sabotaging the fight, while in secret they gave themselves over to shady intrigues and negotiations with capitalist politicians, culminating in a settlement of surrender that involved, not merely the desertion of the miners, but the desertion of their own men.

Why did they accept this shameful settlement? Because they were not ready to face the forces of the State. This is the most important lesson of the whole general strike experience. It is not possible to take up the general strike seriously without being prepared to enter into struggle with the whole capitalist forces — that is to say, to enter into a political struggle. From this lesson the Right Wing leaders are already hastening to draw the deduction that the general strike must be abandoned, that there is no possibility of mass struggle, that the ballot box is the only method. This deduction amounts to saying that the working class must remain in servitude, that the capitalist class is impregnable, and that the workers can only attempt what the capitalist class will permit them to attempt. The lesson for the working class is the opposite. The lesson of the general strike of 1926 is that the general strike is not enough by itself, that the general strike inevitably develops into a struggle with the Government and the whole capitalist State, and that henceforth the working class must be prepared for this. What happened in 1926 was that the workers, as a result of their experience and the compelling force of events, were ripe for mass action but were not yet ready or prepared for all that mass action involves. They were still trying to fight with obsolete weapons, and with leaders of the old-fashioned parliamentary and trade-union type.

The future struggle will inevitably be a struggle directly against the capitalist State. The myth of the classless State and pure democracy has been smashed by the present struggle. The workers, fighting for bread, have seen ranged against them the whole Government and Constitution, law and armed force. And meanwhile their leaders were exhorting them to remain loyal to the Government, the Constitution, to law and armed force. That contradiction cannot continue. The leaders, by exhorting the workers to remain loyal to the Government and Constitution, made it impossible for the workers to fight for bread. The fight for bread compels the fight against the Government and the Constitution. The experience of the present conflict has shown that the real enemy which the working class will have to fight is not simply an employer or a group of employers, but the Government and the capitalist State.

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THOU THAT KILLEST THE PROPHETS. II[1]

BY ROBERT DE TRAZ

It is humiliating to see Mohammedan policemen lounging on rugs at the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, whose duty it is to keep order, oftentimes with the club, among Christians of different sects who fall to fighting each other on this holy spot. In the Chapel of the Calvary are two rival altars where priests celebrate masses simultaneously, shrugging their shoulders at their competitors. At Bethlehem it has been necessary to enclose the altars of each confession, in fact to nail them down, to keep those of the rival sects from carrying them off. Members of the Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Church are not permitted to enter the stable of the manger together, in order to avoid unseemly rows. Since the route which the Latin processions follow crosses the carpets spread in front of the Armenian altar, the Armenians raised an objection. Thereupon the Latins surreptitiously cut the Armenian rugs, — thenceforth triangular instead of square, — and now march freely over the pavement. The little crypt where legend says the Saviour's manger-cradle stood is dark and tiny. You would suppose that it afforded no room except for worshipers and prayer. Unfortunately, a soldier is seated there to separate possible combatants.

At Jerusalem the Franciscans, whose superior is an Italian, object to certain French prerogatives, and are constantly trying to upset them. For instance, at the consular Mass they placed the Consul's chair on the left, when it ought to have been on the right; they even tried to refuse him the holy water. Finally the Pope, early in 1924, imposed harmony by suppressing the old privileges of France.

Every Friday the Franciscans have the right to hold prayers in front of a pillar erected opposite the Copt convent. The square is supposed to be emptied for this purpose. For a long time the Copts contented themselves with watching these proceedings through a window, but one day they put a chair out in front of their door — nothing but a chair. Then, the following Friday, their kavass seated himself in it. In the eyes of the Franciscans that was an intolerable affront. A fight followed, and the whole party were dragged off to jail. The Copts were punished. But the chair is kept outside the door, useless and provocative, except that it is taken in every week during the hour that the Franciscans come to worship and put back again the moment they leave. 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.'

Sometimes, just as you leave the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a shrill voice seems to descend from above and stops you. On the summit of the minaret that dominates the little court stands the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer from his tiny balcony. Perched there behind the tiny balustrade in his black robe, he looks for all the world like a cricket in a cage; and

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberalist weekly), *May* 8, 15, 22, 29

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every time that shrill cry caught my ear I imagined I could detect a sort of fierce mockery in the tone.

Jews. They are ever present, these veteran Jews of Jerusalem, dirty and talkative, proud and timid, provocative and subservient. Some are fair-haired, pink-cheeked, plump, with albino lashes and placid, calflike eyes. Others are haggard, sharp-nosed, excitable, ever waving their hands around their heads. All have the ritual long corkscrew ringlets. Some wear flat fur caps, many round felt hats. Their tight black tunics are buttoned up to the chin. But on the Sabbath I have met some who wore violet or royal purple robes.

At the very bottom of a sordid and deserted quarter reached by fetid alleys, you come to the gloomy blind passage where the Jews gather to weep before a great rugged Wall of Tears. They say it is a remnant of Solomon's Temple. Of course, since it is in modern Jerusalem, that is a myth; but one cannot watch the fierce fervor and the despairing grief of these people without emotion. Clustered at the foot of the wall, they look as if they had just fallen over a precipice. They illustrate exactly the saying, 'in the depths of despair.' Singly and in parties, men and women, mostly old but with an occasional little child among them, unkempt and dirty, but afire with devotion, they read their litanies, they balance on one foot and then on the other, they cover the wall with kisses, or, crowding close to it, whisper confidences to Jehovah. They lament the ruin of the Temple, the dispersion of the chosen people, their own sins which have brought upon them this catastrophe. Then suddenly, here and there, a man will burst into violent sobs, as if the sorrows of Israel had become more than he could bear. Yet now and then a sniffling face turns around, and feverish eyes dart at me a glance of bitter hatred. Nowhere, in fact, in this place consecrated by the sublimest testimony of love, can you escape to-day such evidences of hate and bitterness.

A Zionist. I should never have supposed that the man I was talking to was a Jew. Clean-shaven, heavy-browed, ruddy-cheeked, cheerful and genial, perfectly groomed, he was a typical young Britisher and an Oxford man. Fate had brought him to Jerusalem during the war as an army officer, and he had stayed behind and wants to remain forever. 'The Jewish problem should be settled — that is a simple question of justice.' He believes in Zionism. There will be no lack of immigrants, or money, or loyalty to the movement. To-day about one tenth of the eight hundred thousand inhabitants of Palestine are Israelites. In fifty years they will be a majority.

The Zionist authorities are trying first of all to foster an agricultural population, but they forbid speculation in land and the formation of large estates. Among their still amateur farmers are many intellectuals, young doctors of philosophy and students captivated with Tolstoiism, determined to return to the soil, both for their own moral health and in order to restore to Israel a farming class. 'Our nation is all head; we must give it a body.' It is surprising to see how prosperous these young settlements are. A few of Russian origin are Bolshevist and practise pure Communism. One of our consuls said to me: 'Zionism is a paradox, but it promises to succeed. You can accomplish anything with intelligence and faith.' The Zionists are patriots. They regard David and Jeremiah as the heroes of their independence. Some of the freethinkers among them, who came into conflict with the old Ortho-

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dox Jews upon their first arrival in Jerusalem, have modified their atheism. Even total unbelievers among them observe the Sabbath and the fast days out of respect for their national tradition — and also because the sombre fanaticism of the native Jews is contagious.

Upon questioning, my well-groomed Zionist acquaintance admitted that he and his Westernized friends felt that they were very different from the dirty old worthies who, like their ancestors, have vegetated in Palestine for generations under the Turks, or who have poured into the country since the war from Galicia and Odessa. But he told me emphatically, looking me straight in the eyes, that he wanted to be their brother. 'You utterly misunderstand Zionism until you recognize the faith that inspires it. It is a little like a Jew crusade. We shall deliver Zion little by little with the help of all our diverse elements, who are none the less filled with the same ardor. We shall form a community, perhaps an independent State; or, what is even more important, we shall create a Palestine spirit, which does not exist as yet, but which will come in the course of time.'

This is the eternal Messianism of the Jews, transposed to the nationalist plane. Nothing can rob this people of its hope. Its happiness, its greatness, its truth, are always in the future. Christianity is a *fait accompli*. It is historical. It may conceivably grow weaker with the passing of the centuries. But the eyes of the Israelites are ever fixed on the future. Nothing that has happened in the past matters in comparison with the promise of the future. To them the ideal is always due, at the end of the month. This means eternal discontent. Perhaps it is an air castle, as delusive as the mirages of their desert; but it draws them on and on — they never look backward.

Anecdotes. One of the drawbacks of Jerusalem is the universal cult of anecdotes that deform the truth. Invented legendary episodes, boldly related with their precise time and place, have multiplied until they have naturally become contradictory and incredible. Mystery would be far more inspiring than this explicitness. Too much precision, too many obvious lies, encourage general skepticism.

Pious archæologists imagine that they have reconstructed the Road of Sorrows. Tablets have been placed at the different stations. But there is no evidence, which would appeal for a moment to the critical mind, that these arbitrary locations are real. At the Holy Sepulchre they show reverent believers the very stone on which Nicodemus is said to have anointed the body of Jesus. Unhappily the stone has been replaced several times, and the present one dates only from 1808. It is the same with the Pillar of the Flagellation, which has changed its form and color repeatedly, and of which there exists at Rome a second example, quite as authentic as this one. But the most amazing thing, for those credulous of such inconsistencies, is the very tree on which Judas hanged himself by the side of the Hebron road!

You come upon the footsteps of Jesus everywhere, but unfortunately they differ in form and size, and are oftentimes contradicted by the Scriptures — like the one on Mount Olivet that is supposed to mark the spot of the Ascension! Quite a number of specimens of the Stone of the Angel, which closed the tomb of Christ, are in existence. Not only do they point out to you where every incident in the life of the Master occurred, but even those associated with His parables and legends — for example, the house of the Rich Man and the house of Lazarus, the shop of the Wandering Jew, the

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apartment of Saint Veronica, and the cock, metamorphosed into terra cotta, which crowed when Peter denied his Master.

There are many people at Jerusalem — priests, pilgrims, and guides alike — who prefer anecdotes to the Word of God, and the miraculous to the sublime. The miraculous is something that astonishes by its novelty and strangeness, something that seems improbable and impossible. In other words, the miraculous is primarily amusing or entertaining. But the sublime is only the normal raised to its highest power. If it seems exceptional, this is not on account of its nature, but of our lack of understanding. Though it may sometimes overwhelm us, it nevertheless gives us the comfort of certainty. It calls forth our admiration, our aspiration, our remorse, but it does not appeal to our curiosity, it does not trouble or disconcert us; it simply supplies that which we are seeking. We see in it what we might be ourselves, but transfigured.

The miraculous is the false; the sublime is the true. The miracles in the Koran are countless; the sublime in the Scriptures is fathomless.

Chapel of the Discovery of the Cross. It is buried deep at the bottom of a flight of steep, irregular steps — a crypt rather than a chapel, with great, rough columns and a broken pavement. In its obscurity and primitiveness it seems to have withdrawn into the perspective of the centuries. You descend to it as you would descend into the Middle Ages. What a flood of emotions rushes over one as he stands here by the flickering light of a candle, and thinks of the devoted Christian priests who remained here after the Crusades to serve a Jesus still a captive, and who, defying intolerance and persecution, lost in the Mohammedan crowd, contemned and conquered, and forgotten by the Christians at home, continued to keep the altar of their God and to pray. No hope of ever returning to their native land lightened their pious labors — only the growing agony of exile, and perhaps the torture of the insistent question whether, after all the defeats and disgraces that had befallen the armies of the Christian world, their God was really the stronger after all?

St. Stephen's Gate. Leaving a boxed-in street, I pass through a narrow gate into a well-worn roadway bordered by cactus. Mohammedan tombstones peek over the side. A few steps bring me to a point where the Valley of Kedron opens before my eyes. Directly in front and facing me rises the Mount of Olives, with the Gethsemane of the Franciscans, and the Gethsemane of the Russians, farther up, marked by golden cupolas. On the right a perspective of the Valley, along whose western slope extends a disorderly array of Mussulman tombstones. On the opposite slope, covering its whole side, countless in number, dilapidated and apparently abandoned, are the tombs of the Jews. Yonder lies the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

What a crowded place it promises to be upon the Day of Judgment! For the present, however, the mortuary stones bask in the sun and wait. We who for a short time yet shall not sleep thus ponder on what that resurrection will be like, that general mobilization of all the dead. A certain curiosity makes me stare across the cacti at the traditional site of the Judgment Seat. Imagine the scene were the terrible blare of the last trumpet to vibrate down this peaceful valley; and I there, and those I love, and those I do not love, and those I do not know, and those I should never want to know, and

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those who read these lines, and all the heroes and saints and traitors and lovers and pagans of human history; and all who vanished from the world so long ago that no one recalls them; and the generations yet to come — all humanity! Conceive every secret revealed, and the tumult and confusion of the place. And all this in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, upon which my eyes now gaze!

Haram, in the very heart of Jerusalem and occupying a fifth of its area, is a vast Mussulman enclosure which you can enter only at certain hours, and not at all on Fridays. It is a great esplanade which produces an impression of vacancy. After the noise of the narrow, crowded streets, what a solitude, what airy silence! Here and there in unkempt, pebbly spaces a few ancient olive trees struggle for life and a little scanty herbage is visible. In the centre, over a terrace, rises a great gray dome, the famous Mosque of Omar. As you first see it from below, it suggests a huge balloon full-flated and on the point of rising. The drifting clouds passing above it make it seem to tremble and almost oscillate.

Slowly one ascends from the plain, above which the Mosque rises, and its full beauty appears. It rests broad and low on sparkling walls of white marble and blue faïence, like an enormous jewel set in the midst of the gray pavement, or a gigantic bird spreading its peacock tail. It delights the eyes with its pure brilliant coloring, blue and green relieved against dazzling white. It satisfies the mind with the perfect sphericity of its well-poised dome. Around it, encircling the plain, are stone archways scattered at hazard, light, graceful, charming, standing out against the sky and supporting elegant pavilions of sculptured marble. Long steps lead to a great basin surrounded by cypress trees. All this spirituel architecture, these columns, these gracefully moulded vaults, these lightly springing shafts and gentle contours, form an ensemble, dilapidated and fragile to be sure, of a pale rose-colored or yellowish stone of an eggshell tint, setting off the dark green of the cypress trees and accentuating the turquoise brilliance of the faïence, which in turn strikes a new chord with the soft azure of the sky.

This is one of the most sacred places in the world, El Haram, 'the Sanctuary.' Thousands of invisible angels guard over it. A leaf from the gardens of Paradise is said to have fallen into the basin of its fountain. When the world ends, a steel wire will be stretched from this column to the Mount of Olives, over which all men must pass under the eye of the Prophet. It is here that the Temple of Solomon stood, with its sacrificers clad in white and its high priest in tiara and robe embroidered with clochettes. Hither came Abraham, David, Jesus, perhaps Mohammed. Not a single holy place, but several holy places rolled into one! The mind must make a tremendous effort to evoke all the historical figures who belong here, to imagine the sonority of their immortal voices, to conceive the extraordinary impulses that have gone forth to the whole world from this broad plain. Here is the seat of three great religions — the Hebrew and the two heresies that sprang from it, Christianity and Islam. In this very place God was worshiped as He demanded; here His voice was repeatedly heard; here He appeared to man in the form of His Son. The imagination halts helpless before such scenes. Overwhelmed by the thought of what this site means to millions, I turn away, envious of the old men who drowse, wrapped in their ragged mantles, in the shade of the terebinths.

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I returned to the solitude of the Haram several times, but whenever I tried to grasp its full significance I failed. Yet I did not resent my impotence. There are thoughts too vast, heights too lofty, for the human mind. Worship is the only way to embrace the incomprehensible. And in my humility I became more indulgent toward the dreadful degeneracy of the people of Jerusalem. Yes, they are offscourings. Jew, Mohammedan, and Christian, in this city sacred to all the three, are equally base, equally false, lying, superstitious, and self-centred. But that is because they daily brush past these sacred monuments, because these become ordinary things to them from which they make their living. They have the vices of sacristans. Our baseness springs from our inability to live familiarly with things and yet to reverence them. We are elevated as long as we aspire toward God; we are debased as soon as we think we have reached Him. Seeking, dreaming, hoping, even at the risk of error, is better than blessed possession, which all too soon becomes a commonplace. When one spends a few days in Jerusalem he keys himself up to the demands of the occasion, but if he were to live here permanently how many weeks would pass before he would be selling enameled chaplets and picture postal cards?

You enter the Mosque of Omar and at first see nothing. An obscure silence fills the circular interior. Your feet, clad in soft babooshes, make no noise on the heavy carpets. And then, when you begin to despair of seeing anything, the outlines of the columns slowly define themselves, with their diffused, glassy reflections. As your eyes become accustomed to the darkness you might imagine that the edifice was lighted in some mysterious fashion that makes it emerge piecemeal from the shadows. For some time the revelation proceeds. Above you the mosaics and the gilded ceilings grow radiant with a gentle glow. Colored glass windows are not formed of pieces of different sizes worked into patterns, as in our Western cathedrals, but of tiny pieces of colored glass let into the plaster, forming myriads of little stars. These green, red, and yellow points glow and sparkle, and the dome, responding to their appeal, grows brilliant in its turn, like the starry firmament at night.

In the middle of the rotunda, and surrounded by a gallery, stands on a slightly elevated place the Stone of Sacrifice, the rock on which Abraham was about to immolate Isaac, and from which Mohammed sprang to Heaven on his winged steed. Around it are relics, carefully preserved by the imams. But nothing else was worth, to me, as much as the august shadows of the nave flashed through with jets of reflected light. It was truly the magnificence of Solomon, of the Temple whose beauty dazzled my imagination when a child. And such it really is. The Old Testament shines through this interior of gold and purple, penetrating the intervening veil of Islam.

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A JUNGLE ÆSCULAPIUS[1]

BY DR. HANS EICHELBAUM

A JOURNEY of a few days into the interior of Panama and Costa Rica is enough to take one among tribes that are not entirely primitive in their way of life. I therefore decided to spend a few days of my leave in the Indian reservation and see something of the Indians in their own haunts. My route led me to the Krickamola tribes, the members of which are shy but not hostile, and are therefore in constant touch with the whites. Nominally, indeed, these tribes are Catholics, but the image of the cross is little more than a fetish to them, and their Christianity is modified by all kinds of foolish superstitions.

At the head of the tribe is a chieftain, and next to him the Lurria, or sorcerer, who as priest and medicine man is the most influential personage in the tribe. Diseases and other kinds of injury are of course attributed by these tribes to the influence of malignant demons, and as a result the Lurria takes the place of an intermediary between the spirits and his fellow tribesmen. Along with the incantations and childish hocus-pocus that are used to drive out demons, a native empirical medicine has grown up among all these tribes, which the Lurria also practises and which often has considerable effect.

The Indios are extraordinarily reserved and distrustful. It is very difficult for a white man to win their confidence and come near to them as a friend. If I had made my appearance among them with one or two companions, armed and uniformed, I should certainly have found an empty village. The sight of us would have been enough to disperse all the *Krickamolas valientes* down to the last chicken for two or three days. Now as a doctor I too passed for a kind of sorcerer with the Indios. A man who can do them some good professionally inspires a certain confidence in them; they get the feeling that he has no evil designs upon them. So I communicated to the cacique of a Krickamola district, with the tribe of which I had already had some dealings, that I would pay him a visit. Since I naturally did not want to live entirely as an Indio, I took along a tent, numerous canned goods, and some small gifts. Our journey was by canoe up the Krickamola, and was made, like all such journeys, not without a few misadventures, such as meetings with alligators and snakes. But these are mere details of no importance to my story, and after a day and a half we reached our landing place. The guides and the carriers took charge of the luggage, and after a three hours' march along a bush path we reached the little village of the district. Here we found that our arrival was not unexpected. It is remarkable how quickly news travels in the jungle. A sort of mysterious telegraphy is common property among all primitive peoples, and scarcely had we passed the fifty inhabitants of the village, silent and almost naked, before we heard the dull

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal daily), *April* 18

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rhythmic drum-signal announcing to the next and greater place our arrival.

At length we arrived; the tent was pitched, the simple field-cot canopied with mosquito netting. And now began my intercourse with the natives. The tribal chieftain soon favored me with a call, and even the medicine man could not refrain from paying a visit to his white colleague. Feasts, hunts, dances, and games were arranged in my honor. I was much more interested, however, in the medical practice of my brown colleague, and with him I soon found myself — partly directly, partly through an interpreter — on good terms.

He very soon allowed me to see him in full ceremonial costume, wearing a vast gown made of bark. His head was bedecked with feathers — peacock-feathers being particularly affected among these tribes. His face was covered with a bird-mask, the huge nose of which came from a *pico feo*, a kind of hornbill. His eyes were black and painted about with red circles. Round his neck he wore a rattling necklace of tiger and wild-boar teeth. All in all, especially in the gleam of the fire, he was an extremely fantastic and picturesque spectacle, and certainly well adapted to exercise enormous suggestive power over the very suggestible native.

The dwellings of the tribe consisted entirely of palm huts, which are really nothing more than shelters from the rain, for they are quite without side walls, and many of them are simply large umbrellas that are moved about and set up as such. The natives cannot be persuaded to live in walled-up huts, and they carry their prejudice so far that Indios who are forced to stay overnight in Boccas del Toro or Allmirante refuse to sleep in closed rooms; one often sees them at twilight or in the early morning lying in groups of eight or ten on the platforms in front of the houses. The air in ordinary rooms is too close for them, and they cannot sleep.

In this way, of course, they are exposed to all kinds of injury from the weather, from insect bites, and so forth. As a result they suffer in great numbers from malaria, and are rendered anæmic by worm diseases. They have no inherited means of protection, and whatever plagues visit them are almost a hundred per cent fatal. The medicine man, naturally, is powerless against them — these diseases, that is to say, are inflicted by demons stronger than the Lurria's incantations. Tribes are frequently decimated by insect-borne diseases. Yet it is not possible to speak of the dying-out of the Indios, for the birth rate is high enough to guard against it, and Nature simply takes her own way of checking overpopulation.

Aside from the filth in their dwellings, these tribes are hygienic enough in the care of their bodies, and they bathe frequently.

Before they begin any work, and before they set out into the forest, they blow tobacco smoke all over their legs and feet. This is supposed to be a protection against snakes, which are said to have a distaste for tobacco smoke. Once they are really bitten, the medicine man must be called into action — and, as I can testify, his treatment is often successful, even in very serious cases. I found it extremely difficult, however, to get the fellow to give away the secret of his methods. Finally he showed me the dried gum, leaves, and roots which he used for application to the wound itself, and other leaves and herbs which he brewed into a tea to be taken internally. The actual efficacy of these methods cannot be doubted. But I could n't identify the curative herbs used, and

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whether or not the Lurria showed me the right ones I of course cannot say.

When the Indios see a wasps' nest they hold their breath — on the theory that by doing so they will avoid being stung. For the stings of wasps, bees, and ants they use a strong-smelling salve which makes the swelling go down rapidly. They do not treat boils by using the knife, but pierce them with hot nails; and this procedure must be very effective. It leaves round scars on their bodies, which are sometimes so numerous that I at first took them for smallpox scars. Hot nails and hot tweezers are also used for many other ailments — rheumatic pains, for example. As a protection against fevers and malaria they chew a kind of very bitter green wood, and also brew tea from an extremely bitter grass known as fever grass. Apparently both of these contain quinine. They are considerably bothered by stomach-aches, — naturally enough, since they gorge to repletion at their feasts, — and as a poultice for such pains they use the very thick leaf of a cactaceæan species and a particular gum.

They know how to set broken bones very skillfully and to splint them with boards and small slats. They file their front teeth until they are saw-shaped, on the pretext that this enables them to tear flesh better. In fact, they have good teeth very generally, but whether because of the filing or because of the small element of sugar in their diet it would be hard to say. As a styptic they use the finely scraped wood of the *kazique* and the black and red *kazique* bean.

The Lurria takes care of their health with all these remedies, and naturally their confidence in him is perfect. He punishes them when he thinks it is necessary, but he also gives them animal teeth to sacrifice to the evil spirits. When they have neck or back pains or rheumatic symptoms in their limbs, the patients bring their cocoa-beans to the magician, who prepares and charms them with a great deal of blowing and praying, under a heap of crosses. Then the patient drinks the beverage that results, and is next rolled thickly in leaves by the medicine man and left to lie still and sweat. Round about sit a group of his friends, drinking cocoa until they have put themselves to sleep. The medicine man's prescription for tuberculosis is sharks' livers and banana juice.

In worm diseases the juice of a deadly fruit is used, mixed with the blood of a black hen. The black hen, indeed, plays an important rôle in the medicine of these people, even as a cure for rash diseases such as scarlet fever. The sick child is brought to the medicine man, who says incantations over it. Then he kills a black hen, cuts it up in small pieces, and smears the child's body with the still steaming blood and flesh. After the mess is dry the little patient's whole body is shaved, the fundamental idea being — as my companion seriously assured me — that the blood draws out the worms that are supposed to cause the rash, and then the razor cuts their heads off.

The birth of a child is accompanied by monotonous chanting. If a Krickamola dies the men and women who have lived with him abandon the dwelling as if in flight. In a very short time the whole region is informed of the death by drum signals. The body is sewed up in sackcloth; the grave is dug in the abandoned hut itself. First a trench, a couple of yards long and two or three feet deep, is dug, and under this a tunnel at right angles, so that there is a cavity to right and left. Then the body is cremated and buried, according to a fixed rite and to the accompaniment of loud lamentation, in its own hut. Crosses and cocoa

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leaves are burned. Amulets and jewelry are offered up to the corpse. Then the hut is entirely and finally abandoned.

The intellectual life of the Krickamola is really sluggish. Nevertheless, along with their superstitions they have vivid imaginations, and are very easily dominated by suggestive influences. Their dream life is very lively. After a bad dream they are silent for a whole day, morose and low in spirits. At such times they are useless for work, and consider themselves physically ill. Indeed, this kind of autosuggestion goes so far that a man might conceivably die simply from the effects of a bad dream. Here too the medicine man must come in with aid — wrapping the possessed man in leaves and exorcizing the demons with prayers and incantations.

It was only with great difficulty that I managed to get the Lurria to commit himself on any details. Although regarding me as a colleague, he did betray some of his hocus-pocus with a kind of humor. But, all the same, he was quite serious when he said to me, 'White man, you are very clever, and think yourself very wise, but there are a great many things that you do not know.'

Well, I took leave of the Lurria with the feeling that he was not really inferior to many of our own faith healers, because he supplements his incantations with positive remedies, and as a therapeutician certainly accomplishes more than our own quacks, whom he outdoes by having a genuine equipment of empirical knowledge, and probity to boot.

SPANISH DANCER

BY R. W. POVEY

[*New Statesman*]

A CLEAR stringed chord . . .
Poised, smilingly alert,
Soundstruck, her lithe and lovely figure stands;
Laughter in all the foldings of her skirt,
Joy in her firm brown arms, her lifted hands;
Fixed living beauty in her back-thrown head,
Her parted thin jet hair, quick-tilted chin.
— Now, swift with mazy skirl and measurèd,
Thin string-tunes run, bewildered, out and in.
Life, with the music, thrills her body through;
Wakened to joy of movement, glad and fleet
Her sure limbs revel in the work they do,
High-mettled rhythmic mirth is in her feet.

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THE HYENA MAN[1]

BY A. C. G. HASTINGS

WHEN two white men live alone together in the wilds of Africa, and have understanding with similarity of tastes and interests, they generally get pretty intimate. Shott and I certainly were. We had a good deal in common.

He commanded the company of native troops at Nafada, I was the administrative officer of the district, and in work and sport we were the best of friends. Shott was a first-rate soldier — keen, energetic, invariably cheerful; I fancy there was no smarter lot of men than C Company in the country, and they would have followed him through hell and out the other side at any time. He is but a memory now; he died as I know he would have wished — at Mons.

Nafada was a far cry from the West African coast, — six weeks' journey at the least in those days, — just four hundred miles up the Niger River, followed by three hundred more up its confluent, the Benue, and lastly a slow crawl for another hundred up the Gongola in a native canoe to where the old walled town lay on the low sandy riverbank in the country of the Bolewa tribe. Our nearest white neighbors were more than a hundred miles away, and for months at a time we saw no one but each other. In tropical countries friendship does not always stand the test of such unchanging intercourse, but in our case it did.

Both of us, I think, were practical, common-sense fellows, with healthy but controlled imaginations — we were not a bit the sort to be unduly impressed by the uncanny; in fact, it would have been hard to find two men more unlikely to be affected by examples of 'black magic.' For all that, nobody, I think, can live among a witchcraft-ridden people, as we were doing then, without being forcibly struck by the amazing hold that wizardry has upon the native mind. This terror is almost a concrete thing — it creates an atmosphere which envelops the people's lives; so much so that even strangers like ourselves felt the effect of it in all our relations with them. Shott and I had often discussed it, perhaps with the amused tolerance of racial superiority, but none the less with an understanding of its seriousness to a primitive people. One could not fail to have that, for the Bolewa were so tremendously under the influence of the wizards — it was evident everywhere. In most of the big towns of the district there was a local wizard. Nafada had two, and of these the more important and fear-inspiring was undoubtedly the Galadima, a native official of sorts whose worldly authority was quite eclipsed by the magical influence he had over the people. In their eyes his power was unlimited; in mine he was an unmitigated rascal, a stumblingblock to progress.

What a bogy he was to the town! I came upon a woman one day in the market. She was writhing and screaming on the ground in awful fear — al-

[1] From the *National Review* (London Conservative monthly), *June*

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most in a fit. What was the matter with her? A dozen awed, hushed voices answered that a wizard had 'taken away her shadow.' I knew what that meant in her belief — that she had been robbed of her soul, of the very essence of her being; that she had become an empty, transparent thing whose body cast no shadow on the ground beside her as she walked in the bright sunshine. To herself she was a frail nothingness moving lonely in the living crowd. Truly it must have been a frightening thing to that believing mind.

Who had done this thing? Nobody would say — they mumbled, shuffling nervous feet; but I knew well enough who it was — that rogue the Galadima.

He had a dozen pleasant little tricks of terrorism which I heard of from time to time. In Nafada they said he had control over the crocodiles and sometimes at night would go down to the river and call them to him, holding long mysterious converse there. He would put *iska* — the madness — into the brains of men, so that they wandered witless about the town, groaning and shuddering. Others died suddenly from causeless mysterious ailments — if they had offended the Galadima. He could make balls of fire appear among the topmost branches of the trees; they vanished if they were approached, appearing again on other trees. These things were vouched for by eyewitnesses. I tried to laugh them out of it, but I never did.

Yet all these devices, whether they were hypnotic or not, were small compared to his supreme power. It was averred and utterly believed that the spirit of his ancestor lived in the body of a hyena and that at certain times he could, and did, change forms with it and prowl about the town at night, devouring what he could seize, human or animal. I don't think I have ever seen anything to beat the assurance and certitude with which a few of the braver spirits made that statement to me. It was obvious that they believed every word of it. *Rikita* was the term they used, in its most malevolent sense — the craft of metamorphosis. Listening to them one felt that the centuries had rolled back into the Middle Ages, that one was living in the times when, as the old books tell us, 'certain sorcerers,' putting on enchanted girdles, turned, 'to their own thinking and unto the view of others,' into werewolves. How everlasting are the old beliefs! The pagans of to-day are animists, as they have always been, and here with its tinge of totemism was the old lycanthropy as firmly credited as in the days gone by.

I knew the Galadima well. Most mornings I saw him in my office on matters of the town, for he was a ward-head and the chief's messenger. He was a repulsive-looking creature, for all the lithe, lean grace of his muscular body. His eyes were small and deep set in a retreating skull; they gleamed with a vicious cunning. His jaw was heavy and remarkably prominent, and the thick-lipped mouth with large strong teeth was strikingly animal. An ingratiating smile and obsequious manner fitted badly with the rest of him, and altogether he was an unpleasant object and looked capable of any crime. But accusations of magic-working — even if they had been definitely made, which they never were — would have been impossible to prove against the Galadima, for witnesses, frightened to death of him, would have retracted everything in court, and there were many more pressing things to attend to in those days than rumor, so that the rascal pursued his vile acts unhampered for the time at least.

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Shott agreed with me in our discussions that nothing was to be done at the moment and the most we could hope was that the Bolewa would get rid of him quietly with a spear-thrust — if they had the pluck.

Once or twice we heard of deaths or disappearances; and human bones, those of supposed town children, had occasionally been found in the bush; but in a country where leopard, hyena, and an occasional lion were to be found that was not very extraordinary, and in the end we both emphatically put the metamorphosis story in the category of nonsense and thought no more about it.

And then certainly a queer thing happened.

It was at the end of the rains. We were being more than usually pestered by hyenas — the big striped kind. Not a night passed without our hearing the long-drawn-out moan, breaking off sharply on a rising note, which is the prowling cry of the noxious brutes. Later still, toward midnight, they came about the houses and out-huts, seizing our goats snuffling round the kitchens, and even getting on to the verandah. Many a time I woke to see them bulking large on a moonlit night close to my bed, with black slavering muzzles and wicked little eyes, or watched them pass with their slinking run across the compound. There was nothing to be afraid of in them, for they were cowardly brutes and very rarely attacked human beings unless in numbers. Just previously, however, a native arriving at an outlying hamlet had very foolishly laid himself down to sleep under a tree outside the huts, the hour being late. None know what his waking moments must have been, but he was found next day with all his face and one arm and shoulder bitten away and the fang-marks of a big hyena all about his body.

But this was an unusual happening. However, they were a scourge; nothing was safe in the way of live stock, for our huts were primitive things in those days, just grass-mat walls and thatched roofs, and the brutes would tear a hole through them, grip a goat or sheep, or even a small donkey, and drag it bodily out with one wrench of their powerful jaws. A hyena's forehand, neck, and jaw strength is tremendous.

We got sick to death of them and their depredations. One or two were destroyed by snap-shooting and pit-traps, and one we got in a huge spring-trap, but the beast bit its own smashed foreleg off, after tearing the trap out of the ground, and got away. In the end we decided to set a spring gun, meaning to go on until we had killed or frightened the marauders away.

We contrived it excellently — a small but very thick thorn fence roofed with other thorns set naturally to look like a bush. We left one opening at the side and in the dark cavity placed a twelve-bore shotgun fixed horizontally on two forked sticks some eighteen inches from the ground. A thin cord ran from the trigger back over a smooth bar and forward again to the bait — a mangy long-dead pie-dog which sickened the air for yards round. He lay just within the opening, so that the hyena, to get at him, would have to crouch and push his jowl right into the area of the shot-flight. The whole arrangement was a very natural picture of a dog which had crawled beneath the scrub and died, and we were satisfied with it.

That night the two of us were sitting over our after-dinner coffee. Neither of us was thinking of the gun-trap, and curiously enough there was not a single howling moan to turn our thoughts to hyenas at all. I forget what we were talking of, but I remember well how the gun roared out startlingly on the quiet night. Outside it

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was dark, or as dark as it ever can be under glittering tropic stars. Out of the circle of lamplight we could just make out the dark blur of tall guinea corn standing on a farm at the edge of the compound, but we could see nothing of the trap, which lay in the shadow of the corn. We each snatched a hurricane lamp from the table and with our revolvers ready dashed out to the thorn-trap as quickly as we could run. This is what we saw.

The dog had been pulled half out of the opening; there were teeth marks in its head. Close beside it on the ground was a small pool of blood, black-looking in the lamp-rays, and other drops scattered about. Shott stooped down and picked up something; it was a fragment of bone and skin about two inches long, wet with sticky blood.

'A bit of jawbone,' he said; 'he 'll be badly shot up. Let 's get after him quick.'

As he spoke we heard a moaning wail come from the guinea corn. I thought it sounded different from the ordinary hyena cry; I could have sworn it held a note of pain.

We dived at once into the corn, standing ten or twelve feet high at that season, for it was nearly ripe. Pushing our way up and down the alleys between the huge stalks, lanterns held close to the ground, we searched carefully for signs. Here and there we saw a pug-mark in the soft earth, but no blood. The moaning kept coming again and again, but never from the same direction. Once it sounded on our left, but directly we turned to follow it it seemed to be repeated from right behind us.

Hyenas are uncanny beasts. The natives say — and I can believe it — that they often, by some ventriloquial trick, throw their voices as if from different quarters. They do it either to baffle pursuit or to deceive a quarry. It really seemed like it that night, for the cry, pitched in varying key and volume, sounded in our ears all round the compass. It was the most completely bewildering thing I had ever experienced: whichever way we went we seemed to get farther away from it. Now high, now low, sometimes close at hand and at others far in the distance, we heard that detestable howl, always elusive but always sounding that strain of hurt. It was bewildering and very weird. It conveyed to both our minds a sense of nightmare and of something abnormal, inexplicable, in the search.

At last, puzzled and exasperated, we found ourselves at the edge of the bush, and there, of course, it was hopeless to continue in the pitch-black tangle of trees and undergrowth. Moreover, all sounds had ceased again, a perfect stillness hung over the bush, and, knowing the strength and great vitality of the brute, we thought it must have got away and that we should hear no more of it, so we gave up that queer hunt.

But there was to be a sequel.

In the bright sunlight of the following morning last night's doings had lost something of their fantastic strangeness. When I looked out from my verandah across the compound to where the night dewdrops hung glistening on the long leaves of the guinea corn, and saw the blue smoke spiraling upward in thin quiet eddies from the barrack fires, the whole scene spoke of the ordinary everyday things of a world waking to its work from sleep. The talk and chatter of my servants were going on around me; a francolin screeched gratingly from the corn patch. Presently my goats came bleating from their hut to pasture, and far overhead two vultures circled high in air, watchful for food. It was all very sane and bright and pleasing.

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In the early morning cool I walked over to my office, where a group of natives waited round the door. From inside, as I sat working, I could hear their low-voiced talk droning on — words indistinguishable; but presently the name Galadima struck upon my ear, and a moment later a sentence which sounded curious: 'Wallahi, it is true; he was seen at daybreak.'

Wondering a little what it referred to, I summoned my head of staff.

'What talk is that of Galadima?' I asked him idly.

The native agent shifted his bare feet uneasily.

'It is but town gossip, lord,' he answered with some diffidence.

'And what is that?'

'Market talk, no doubt; but they were saying that the Galadima is a sick man this day.'

'Sick! From what cause?' I asked.

'Nay, I know not, lord, but it is reported that he entered the town at dawn and that his head was all swathed in a cloth, and that he walked slowly, dragging heavy feet.'

'Who saw him thus?' I interrupted quickly — there was something strange in this, and in the man's manner.

'Two women fetching water, and again a man going early to his farm. These saw and told to others, swearing there was blood upon the rag which bound his face. He scowled upon them as he stumbled past, and went straight inside his house.'

I dismissed him, ordering further news to be brought to me of the man's condition. It seemed very remarkable, if the townspeople did not lie, that he should have what was evidently a wound in the face, unless some animal had attacked him. I could not get the thought of the rascal out of my head, and when Shott came in to see me about some matter I told him of it.

He looked at me with a smile.

'I know,' he said; 'and more than that, my men are saying that we got the Galadima last night!'

Two hours later my messenger returned and came quickly in to me.

'The Galadima is dead,' he said laconically, and I noticed that there was an undercurrent of relief in his voice. It was evident that the news was not unwelcome; the dead man would not be missed.

That was the end of it. The Galadima was buried before the sun went down, but in the town that evening a strange tale went the round, and, as I have heard, is told in Nafada to-day. For they said that the Galadima had gone prowling in the bush that night after long abstinence. In hushed tones they hazarded how in the deep gloom of the bush he must have made the magic change which clothed him in the vile body of a beast of prey. And last, with a conviction which nothing in this world could shake, they told among themselves how the man-beast with its slinking gait smelled out the dog-bait tainting the night air from the trap of thorns, seized upon it, and took his death from *mai baki bui*, — the two-mouthed gun, — which had freed them thus from the terror of so many years. So they rejoiced, those black children in Nafada town, but I — well, I just wonder!

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SHORTY'S FIRST RACE[1]

BY LOUIS-JEAN FINOT

[THIS is an excerpt from a forthcoming novel entitled *Petit-Bout, Prince des Jockeys*. The author is editor of *La Revue Mondiale*.]

MONSIEUR ROUSSEL was looking for him after the second race. He was in the jockeys' dressing-room putting on his newly fitted blue shirt with its gray stripe around the middle. It needed to be altered again, for the collar was a bit too large. But the gray cap fitted his head, and the boots which his parents had given him clung tightly to his well-shaped, muscular legs. He had real style. The other jockeys looked him over laughingly and ironically. Rigal had already told them his name, and it was flying from mouth to mouth. The officials in the weighing-in room were laughing too. Seated on the scales with a saddle on his knees, looking solemnly at the balance arm of the machine, his eyes sparkling with joy, he was the centre of admiration for a score of people who pressed against the window, elbowing each other to get a look at this 'miniature of the turf,' as he had been dubbed by Baron Jeroboam, the great horseman in his tight overcoat and high collar.

The Marquis de Ravel, an official of the society, called Roussel aside. As Marcel got off the scales he deduced from his severe expression and his sharp gestures that this potentate was in a bad humor. Rigal came to the youngster and said, 'You know that the official is furious at your riding. He says we are making fun of the crowd, and has begged your employer not to let you out until you can go without your nurse.'

Marcel blushed. He wanted to scream with rage, but held his tongue, and his trainer came up, laid his hand on his shoulder, and led him out into the paddock.

The horses were walking around, calm and tranquil. A crowd surrounded him. He heard various jokes, but the ever-proud 'Shorty' held himself as stiffly as he could.

'Don't pay any attention to them,' said his employer with an anxious expression.

Marcel saw his father's scarlet face approaching him, but at that very moment Monsieur Nifet called out, 'You look fine as a jockey, Marcel — very nice.'

His father went away, and trainer, owner, and jockey laid their heads together to decide what tactics to adopt. Bending down and tapping his riding whip on his right leg, Marcel listened as the words engraved themselves on his mind: —

'Don't lose your head at the start. The horse is very fast. If you drop a few lengths behind, you will gain them immediately. Then take the lead as soon as you can. Ride close to the corners. When the race is half run slow down a little. Understand, it's to let the horse get his breath. Then at the straightaway go as fast as you can, and see that no one catches you. You ought to win. Get me?'

[1] From *La Revue Mondiale*

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'Yes, sir.'

When he mounted the saddle the trainer gave a few more bits of advice. This time it seemed as if the entire public had turned out.

'It's a shame,' said one of the spectators, 'to let little kids like that ride. Is n't any money that you bet on them lost in advance?'

Marcel tried not to listen, but all that was said reëchoed in his mind. He thought of boxers when they are going into the ring for the first time before a big crowd.

The bell rang. The horses filed out on the track. He heard laughter from the stands, but he had already galloped as far as the tape. Hardly had he placed himself in line than he thought he saw the barrier lift. He urged his horse forward and passed so close to the starter that he almost knocked him down. The race track stretched out before him. Then, pulling himself up, he stopped his horse and came trotting back. The jockeys were laughing.

'You want to win all alone?'

'Your nurse ought not to let you out.'

'Soon they'll be giving licenses to kids your age.'

He felt his hands trembling, tried to quiet his nerves, and placed himself between two other horses. The tape was lifted. All of them dashed forward in a bunch. He wanted to break into the lead, but some force held him back. He looked to one side. Wasbeen, grinning, had seized his leg, but he was free already, and ahead were all the horses in a procession — only Wasbeen's bay mare was at his side. He raised his elbow, passed two, three, four, of the other entries, and was soon at the front of the race. He urged his horse further, and brushed close to the fence.

Standing up in the stirrups, leaning forward with his head against the animal's mane, he kept on trying to increase his lead, pulling on the reins. The noise of hoofs pursued him like the rolling of a drum, but he was calm inside. He grazed the people who were standing near the fence, just as a train goes by telegraph poles. Without his having to ask for it, he felt his horse, Sables d'Or, giving all it had. He was approaching the corner — he must n't swerve. Wishing to look around to see where the others were, he turned his head back, and suddenly felt as if his horse were coming apart. He at once resumed his normal position, covered with cold sweat. It was crazy to try to turn around that way; he had almost fallen.

The words 'Stick close to the corner' were ringing in his head. He must not pay any attention to the rest of the race. Skirting the fence, leaning down as low as he could, he urged his horse toward the finish. But suddenly he perceived out of the corner of his eye that the rest of the race was about ten lengths behind. Unconsciously he pulled on the reins. Sables d'Or appeared to go imperceptibly slower. There was still two hundred metres to go. A sudden quick feeling of suffocation like a silent attack of the hiccoughs seized him. Behind he seemed to hear his rival's gallop come closer. Already he is at the right of an interminably extended line. The red signal at the finish line seemed to stretch out its arm. He slapped his horse with his hand and it lengthened its stride. Victory lay ahead, he was sure. Already he was greeting it.

But suddenly a horse wedged in at his left, its head beside the haunches of his own. He pressed his elbows tightly, and with a sidelong glance recognized Wasbeen's black head. His breath came faster. He was going to be beaten! Already they had reached the grand stand. Wasbeen himself was close

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beside and kidding him as he lifted his riding whip, 'You'll have to go to school, young fellow. Look how a man ought to ride.'

He was deafened by the shouting, and whipped his horse sharply.

'Sables d'Or!' 'Vedette!' 'Vedette!' 'Sables d'Or!'

He was beaten and out of breath; his chest was gripped in a vise, and mist obscured his sight. How far away that red signal at the finish was! And the race was n't over yet. With his fingers rigid, beating the flanks of his horse with his riding whip, he felt exhausted. Vedette was a nose ahead, and Wasbeen was not even pressing his mare, but looking around and laughing. He must make one more effort, for his horse was not done for. Clinching his teeth and gulping the bitter air, he raised his arm one last time, and arching his body forward urged his horse on. Sables d'Or responded. The finishing post was there. In the midst of a tumult he slipped across the line, perhaps the winner. He relaxed and let his horse go where it wanted. Wasbeen, with face pale, and eyes narrowed, was beside him. 'You little scamp, you got me that time!'

'You think so, sir?'

Wasbeen shrugged his shoulders and seemed to want to laugh. 'Look at the score board,' he said.

Number 19 — his number — proclaimed victor! The noise of applause swept through his troubled consciousness. With his throat tight, breathing hard, trying to carry it off with an air, he let himself be borne along, exhausted, without energy.

'Hurrah for the kid!'

Then above the clamor one piercing cry made itself heard, and Marcel recognized the voice of Charles, the chief of the little boys at the butcher's shop.

'Bravo, Shorty!' he shouted; and everyone set up a joyful, terrific racket, yelling, 'Hurrah for Shorty!'

He felt almost drunk. Half out of his wits, and holding his horse's bridle, he came back to the stable. Between two ranks of applauding spectators he reached the weighing-in scales, where the officials were awaiting him. Monsieur Nifet stroked his horse.

'You're an ace. Good for you, Marcel,' he said.

Monsieur Roussel lifted him down. He went to weigh himself, with his saddle under his arm. The trainer stood beside him, and opposite was the Marquis de Ravel. It was all over in a minute. The bell rang. He was even a little bit afraid that something might still go wrong.

'And now, Marcel, you have won your first race.'

The owner of Sables d'Or came over to ask him what his impressions were, and Marcel modestly replied: 'The horse ought to go better than that, sir. I should have won by a wider margin, but could n't.'

'That makes no difference — you won. Did you bet?'

'I never even thought of it.'

'Roussel, give him a rake-off from my winnings.'

In the jockeys' dressing-room he found Wasbeen in a bad temper.

'That's not going to do you any good to have made me lose. I'll get back at you.'

He was surprised to learn that Wasbeen had bet two thousand francs on Vedette, and was also told that Sables d'Or was a forty-to-one shot.

As soon as he came out he found his father and Charles waiting for him. They led him to a lunch counter, and people swarmed around him admiringly, sympathetically, amazed at his small stature and his charm. The owner of the horse was in the lunchroom with two friends and the trainer, and

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asked his father and Charles over. To his delight he was allowed to have a glass of champagne, and they drank to his future victories.

As soon as the car in which they were traveling had arrived at the outskirts of Paris, the trainer and the jockeys bought copies of *Paris-Sport*, where the victory of Sables d'Or was written up, special mention being made of the skilled grace of the young jockey and the brilliant future ahead of him. Everyone congratulated him. Several trainers suggested that he ride their horses soon.

Night was falling. The noise in the streets set his nerves on edge. He was exhausted and wanted to sleep. His eyes were closing, and they had to shake him to get him out of the car when he got home.

On the next day the paper *Jockey* spoke of the triumph of Shorty, giving his surname in full. Thenceforth that name was a password on the race tracks of France.

ROMA IMPERIALE[1]

BY DR. HANS BARTH

'*Sic volo, sic jubeo*' was once written by a powerful hand into the *Ehrenbuch* of the city of Munich, and the townspeople were horrified. '*Sic volo, sic jubeo*,' thunders an all-powerful Roman voice. And the Romans jubilate. Their *Duce*, who was formerly a simple mayor, proclaims to the people that within five years Rome will again be quite as proud, magnificent, and triumphant as it was under the Emperor Augustus, for the Duce wills it, and his will is law. 'The Imperial period has begun,' declare the organs of the Fascist régime, and proceed to announce a thousand and one ambitious projects, all of which, in fact or in principle, are to be initiated on the birthday of Rome. And since speed is Fascism's strong card, we need not have any doubt that within five years Rome will have an appearance entirely different from and far more splendid than that it has to-day. Perhaps, as Mussolini has said, it will be the triumphant city of a new Augustus. Perhaps, however, it will also be an ant hill of industrious insects swarming over the bewildered public with implements of steel and iron.

Are we to have Imperial Rome delivered on a silver platter — Imperial Rome under a glass globe, as it were, like the so-called Archæological Zone, for which we can never forgive Guido Baccelli? The Imperial idea, it is said, demands that the ancient greatness shall again be made manifest to the people. Therefore it is proposed to restore the ruined monuments of the Roman period to their original condition, wherever possible, to free them from the mass of houses that has gathered about them in the course of centuries, and to isolate them as if they were costly jewels in a shop window. Formerly, when difficulties

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily)

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were encountered in clearing away the towering walls of the Caracalla baths from behind a growth of trees, an inspired Minister of Public Works managed, with the help of architects, to overcome the obstacle by constructing beyond the Arch of Constantine a gigantic chopping board on which the ruinous masses of the ancient baths appeared like a wedding cake on a platter. The result was so elegant that you instinctively drew on your kid gloves as you came near, though the poet and the artist hurried past in dejection, thinking wistfully of the time when the Appia was still a dream-like, fantastic chaos.

The whole of ancient Rome will look like the baths of Caracalla at the end of the prescribed lustrum. As for the Pantheon and the Coliseum, they have long since been exposed and need only to be made more accessible through the opening up of new streets, though the work of restoration must, of course, begin with the Capitol, at whose feet is a mass of houses, accumulated during the Middle Ages, which gradually became a part of the picture itself and must now disappear. All the ancient masonry about the Tarpeian Rock, where for countless centuries men have made their dwellings, — the men of Rienzi's and of Dante's time, — must vanish, and in the future the Capitoline Hill will tower in formidable isolation, like an eternal finger, over the Eternal City. In any case the demolition of the quarter surrounding the Capitoline Hill as far as the Tiber will open up a vast territory to archæology. The Marcellus Theatre, still considerably masked by buildings, will be denuded and revealed. It will be completely isolated from the network of streets and the colorful maze of shops which so charmed Goethe when, in the hostelry of the Piazza Montanara, which is also to disappear, he flirted with Faustina. One will thus no longer be able to approach this theatre as hitherto, sauntering through the vaults of the vast building and carrying on conversations with the tradespeople, smiths, and innkeepers, who spend half of their time indoors and half on the street.

In this vicinity, moreover, there is a considerable number of forgotten temples whose traces it is hoped will be found — the temples of Janus, of Hope, of Juno Sospita, and of Piety. The restoration of the Herculean Temple in the church of the Bocca della Verità will also be undertaken, as well as the clearing of the Circus Maximus at the edge of the Palatine, covered as it is with vast masses of rubbish where — *si vera sunt exposita* — on August 21, 753 B.C., the rape of the Sabine women took place, with no Royal Italian Police to intervene. Here too, in the environs of the Circus Maximus, a great number of shrines and holy places sprang up, which it is hoped will be carried away during the work of restoration. These include the sanctuaries of the Sun, of the Moon, of the Magna Mater, of Ceres, of Dis pater — all of them names which, except perhaps for the specialist, have ceased to carry meaning, but which were once held in high esteem among the people.

Then, finally, as I remember with a shudder, the restoration of the Via Appia will be undertaken. Poor old Appian Way! What have they not already done to you, beginning with the Archæological Zone! They decked you out, so to speak, in a fine new Sunday dress, in which you had to display yourself when foreign ladies in barouches or motor cars came riding out along you and, leaning against their cushions, gazed in their boredom over the graves of the Romans. Yes, the Appian Way is going to have to be fashionable. Everything that is now

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cracked and chipped is going to be mended, and where the former bricks are wanting, or where the marble has split, patches will be applied, as a seamstress treats a worn cloak. The marble men and women dreaming here and there headless in the grass will probably be put back neatly on their legs and equipped with new heads — an easy enough thing in a period when almost no one has a head of his own. Ah, yes, and the modest public houses of the Sora Vittoria near the Sebastian Church, the joy of generations, will probably be suppressed and replaced by stylish taverns with waiters in evening clothes. For, in a city where everything is Imperial, the Appian Way must be Imperial too.

What work will follow this? The excavation of the Forum of Trajan; the linking up of the Imperial Forums into a single decorative historical zone; the investigation of the grave cells in the Augusteum; eventually the restoration of the Ara Pacis — that 'Altar of Peace' the fragments of which are scattered throughout the world and which was so little acknowledged in the Imperial period. They will finally exhume the Domus Aurea of Nero hard by the Coliseum, and the Curia of the Senate built by Cæsar and consecrated by his death. Fascism does not content itself with small performances, and no doubt there will be a number of other archæological pryings in every nook and corner.

But Roma Imperiale will be not only antique but also, of necessity, modern. The excavation of the sacred places demands also the destruction of countless blocks of houses, and even of whole quarters. Those who are thus made homeless must of course be given new dwellings. In short, the capital of the Roman world must in a couple of years take on an entirely different aspect. For this purpose the Union Station will be moved to the Porta Maggiore. Some streets will be closed and others widened. A university quarter near the Polyclinic will be established, as well as an arts and crafts section near the Aventine, and exhibition palaces in the Valle Julia. The Corso Vittorio Emanuele will be widened by the destruction of the Argentine quarter. The Fontana Trevi, which now derives its charm from its gloomy poetic somnolence, will be transformed into a cold ornamental fountain. A Tiber port will be constructed; a subway will be built; a great public park is planned near the Ponte Molle, perhaps to include public baths. In short, very little will be left undone during the next few years in the city that is still called eternal.

Lovers of the beautiful, noble, quiet Rome of former times will do well to clear out and find lodgings on the Appian Way among those sleeping figures who, like Horace, saw in Roma Imperiale something more than the magic plant of an improvised Empire springing up out of the ground at the command, '*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*'

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A BAY LEAF

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*New Statesman*]

(*Pierrot Loq.*)

I GIVE you back the bay leaf, Shelley's leaf,
That is not mine to wear but yours, who found it.
For, though I stole your beauty, let a thief
Confess 't was you, and not his song, that crowned it.

Let me return the bay, as, if I could,
I would return all else — the days I stole,
And the moon's intercepted maidenhood
As silver and as silent as your soul.

Let me return the bay — not as a token
That song has left me, but as knowing that
No verse of mine, but words you have not spoken
Alone can decorate love's laureate.

Take the bay back. I will reclaim it when
Life sets your music to my minor key,
So that we hear, when it is played again,
The undertones of immortality.

I will not wear the bays for less, nor you
For less than this would have them on my brow.
But I will wear them, when that tune breaks through.
Take back the bays — I will not wear them now.

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American Humor Appraised

To be forced to treat certain Americans as humorists when our whole country provides so many laughs is one of the more painful duties of the English critic. This year has witnessed the introduction of Ring Lardner to the British public. Sir James Barrie has pronounced him 'the real thing,' and some years ago Virginia Woolf chanted the praises of his ball-player's diary, *You Know Me, Al.* This book has not yet been published over there, and, to judge from the reception accorded *Gullible's Travels* and *How to Write Short Stories*, Lardner will never enjoy the vogue abroad that he has at home. The slang, so often derived from baseball, is the chief barrier, but even when that is left out he somehow fails to take. The characters are evidently too local, and only the critic whose sympathies are wide can feel the human quality that so many of them possess. Gerald Gould, writing in the *Observer*, says that Lardner does not exaggerate unduly. He finds him versatile and effective, and ranks him in the company of Mark Twain and Artemus Ward. But most critics pronounce him flat and incomprehensible.

This is by no means the case with Miss Anita Loos, whose *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* has duplicated its American success. It is compared by nearly every reviewer to *The Young Visiters*, and its peculiar lingo seems to withhold no mysteries even from British intelligence. Indeed, the style of this admirable little volume is so infectious that Mr. P. C. Kennedy, writing in the *New Statesman*, found himself running on as follows: —

> I mean it is very difficult for gentlemen like I to review a book like *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. I mean it is quite true that gentlemen do prefer blondes. So I mean gentlemen like I are just the same as other gentlemen, and would like to go shopping with blondes, but it seems as if blondes would rather go shopping with gentlemen who have got money than go shopping with gentlemen like I who have got brains. So I mean it seems as if there was a limit to almost everything.

In spite of Mr. Mencken's faith in Cabell's prose, the British still seem to find some of his periods exasperating. *The Silver Stallion* has, for the most part, been obscurely praised, though Mr. Gould cannot find much to say in its defense. Under the general title, 'Some American Humorists,' he hands Mr. Cabell this little bouquet: —

> As for *The Silver Stallion*, it simply makes me wonder afresh where, how, and why Mr. Cabell attained the reputation he certainly possesses. It has a tremendous apparatus of Rabelaisian mediævalism; but its wit is thin, its cynicism obvious, and its pretentiousness intolerable. Whence comes the belief that a shallow joke becomes profound by being surrounded with such names and titles as Gonfal of Naimes, Margrave of Aradol, and Kerin of Nointel, Syndic and Castellan of Basardra? Is that sort of thing amusing, or beautiful, or even very clever! Then Mr. Cabell is oh, so naughty and daring! He writes, for instance, about 'the leering, high-nosed strumpet at Asch, who was reported to be rivaling even that poor Kerin's widow, Saraïde, in the great number of her copartners in lectual exercise.' To say 'lectual' is 'intellectual,' I suppose; but somehow it does n't seem so to me.

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T. S. Stribling comes through the ordeal in much better shape. He, says Mr. Gould, is 'a very important writer,' and more than a humorist, although *Teetfallow* is reviewed along with Cabell and Lardner. Booth Tarkington and Stephen Leacock, the other two victims of the same review, have already made places for themselves, and their two latest books, *Women* and *Winnowed Wisdom*, are rated as distinctly below their previous averages.

Polluted Paris

THOSE coarse American tourists are not the only disturbers of the peace in Paris. Only the other day a Ukranian Jew murdered General Petlura, and almost simultaneously another political murder was held at the doors of the Palais de Justice, when a bunch of Georgians — the Russian kind — broke most of the chairs, windows, and siphons in a Latin Quarter café while they were arguing out the relative merits of Liberalism and Bolshevism.

Perhaps these riots would be less resented if the foreigners kept to themselves, but when they begin to make themselves felt by the man in the street that is going a little too far. Some of these men in the street — the native taxi drivers, to be precise — have been especially aroused by the competition of Russian grand dukes and generals to which they are subjected. The natives now show tricolored enamel plaques on the fronts of their cars, which indicate that they are not only able to speak the language of the city but are also able to find their way about.

Nor has the Russian invasion confined itself to the humbler ranks of society, as the exploits of one Alexander Stavisky testify. This gentleman, though born a Russian, has become naturalized, and now devotes himself to financial swindles in the grand manner. His father, having become too deeply involved in one of his son's schemes, committed suicide. The son, sought after by the police, attended the funeral unmolested. Recently Stavisky has restored much of the money that he has stolen, and has even swung his influence into the scale of virtue so far as to institute legal proceedings against two bankers. It was hoped that he would present himself in court, but he stayed away. All this does not make foreigners any more welcome in Paris, and may even lead some cynical natives to suspect that the intellectual centre of the world is not what it is cracked up to be.

Rehearsing Stravinski

DURING the recent rehearsals in London of Stravinski's *Les Noces*, Mr. Trevor Allen of the *Westminster Gazette* was fortunate enough to get in behind the scenes and discover how the Russian ballet warms itself up. Among those present were Grigorieff, the stage director, Eugene Goossens, Diaghileff, and Lopokova, who is Mrs. John Maynard Keynes in private life. Misunderstandings are the order of the day. First the buzzer sounds and several Russians plunge out on the stage. But the curtain has not gone up, and Mr. Goossens explains that the first buzz is a warning, the second the signal to commence. So they are off again, but not for long. Grigorieff waves his arms, the orchestra stops, and directions are shouted in staccato Russian syllables. The girls begin arguing with their director; Goossens leans back and waits with resigned patience. Diaghileff is the brains of the management, Grigorieff the voice, and between them they keep breaking into the music, explaining and giving directions. During the second act only one girl is on the stage; the rest

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are strolling through the audience with set, serious faces. It is a scene for Degas.

During this act the excitement of the actors and the directors reaches its climax. Grigorieff keeps breaking into the music, which is frenzied enough itself, with even more frenzied directions. The men are now forced to lie back prostrate, one over the other, pyramid fashion, while Grigorieff manhandles them like sofa cushions, laying them in what he conceives to be their proper order. But a more peaceful spirit has stolen into the audience; Lopokova, with small straw hat and dark tailor-made suit, has slipped into the stalls, and the men are bowing to her, kissing her hand. They ask her if she is glad to be back in the ballet again. 'Very,' she assures them.

Meanwhile Grigorieff is at it again, hammer and tongs. But nobody minds. 'When there is a row at the last rehearsal there is a great first night,' says one of the old-timers, 'and when everything goes smoothly the performance is a dull one.'

Ashes and Aussies

AUSTRALIA and England are now playing their first Test Match of cricket since 1921. This corresponds as closely as cricket can to our own World's Series in baseball. Since each game requires several days, and since the Australian team is allowed to have a crack at almost every important outfit in England, the series consumes the better part of the summer months. To date, Australia has not proved itself as unbeatable as heretofore.

The first of these test matches was played in England in the summer of 1882, when Australia won the first game. The *Sporting Times* at once published a cartoon representing the death of English cricket, saying that the deceased had been cremated and that the ashes were to be taken back to Australia. But since England won two out of three of the matches played in Australia that fall, they succeeded in 'fetching the ashes,' which was the way they had defined their task. To commemorate this victory some Melbourne ladies gave the Earl of Darnley, then the Honorable Ivo Bligh and captain of the English team, a small urn containing ashes and bearing the following inscription: —

When Ivo goes back with the Urn, the Urn,
Studds, Steel, Read, and Tylecote return, return,
The welkin will ring loud,
The great crowd will feel proud,
Seeing Barlow and Bates with the Urn, the Urn,
And the rest coming home with the Urn.

The urn is still in Lord Darnley's possession, and during the present match has been placed on public exhibition.

Quelle Scandale!

WHEN M. Herriot is not absorbed by cares of State he busies himself, as his book on Madame Récamier testifies, with polite scholarship. *Figaro* announces that he has just made a discovery regarding a legitimized son of Pascal which will interest all foreign students of French literature and delight all Frenchmen. In the Bibliothèque Nationale he found an old bundle of records of legitimizations dating from the seventeenth century. We do not know how many other famous names he consulted before he was rewarded by finding that a child called Jean Pascal, the son of the famous Blaise and Anne Charmont — 'not married' — was legitimized in December 1653. Imagine M. Herriot's delight when he discovered that not only was this the time at which Pascal revoked a handsome gift to an abbey, made on the condition of his having

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no son, but it was also just the period during which he wrote his *Discours sur les passions de l'amour*. It has previously been imagined that this document was inspired by Mlle. Roannez, but in the light of Herriot's discovery we must either alter our ideas of Pascal's love affairs or widen them.

Censoring London's Stage

THAT stainless body of moral champions, the House of Lords, has lately been attacking the present debased condition of the London stage. Lord Morris has challenged the Lord Chamberlain, who is the guardian of this particular citadel of public purity, to explain why the British theatre has been allowed to sink into its present state of moral turpitude. There is no difficulty in the provinces, where local town councils are on the alert, but the capital is very lax indeed. The Bishop of London supports Lord Morris, but he refrains from attacking the Lord Chamberlain, and feels that his native city should follow the example of the lesser cities of Britain and put the licensing of theatres under the eye of the London County Council, not so much to suppress strong language as to prevent the young people from enjoying iniquitous entertainment.

Definitions of censorship are always unsatisfying. Perhaps one of the most stupid is that advanced by the Lord Chamberlain, to the effect that he aimed to stop the kind of plays that nobody wants. In this effort he would surely not find it difficult to secure the coöperation of the managers. On the other hand, the *Daily Telegraph* — a highly respectable sheet — has no sympathy for the type of person who believes that managers should be allowed to produce whatever they want. This would never do. What is proposed is to have the Lord Chamberlain take steps only against such plays as arouse violent language among the critics or such plays as people think are bad for little children. Were this rule to be strictly enforced the British stage would soon and irrevocably expire.

A Lucky Name

A GREAT French critic once pointed out that nothing was luckier for a novelist than to have the two letters *Z* and *A* in his name, and cited Balzac and Zola as proofs of the dictum. In our own time d'Annunzio and Ibáñez inherit the alpha-omega tradition, and only the other day a Paris jury awarded the Prix de la Renaissance to a young novelist named Émile Zavie for his volume, *La Maison des Trois Fiancées* — on the ground, it is alleged, of his alphabetical prerogatives. Since, however, the prize, now awarded for the sixth time, was formerly conferred upon such writers as Alexandre Arnoux, Pierre MacOrlan, and Paul Morand, the charge would seem not to be an unanswerable one.

Page Doctor Frank Crane

BECAUSE the French authorities censored its leading article out of existence, an Arabian newspaper recently endeavored to substitute the first chapter of Isaiah for the offending matter. The passage runs on in this fashion: 'Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence.' No wonder the French felt that things were going from bad to worse and came down on this one too. Possibly the paper needs a new editor.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Stanley Baldwin, by Adam Gowans Whyte. London: Chapman and Hall, 1926. *5s.*

[*Daily Herald*]

THIS book has one merit. It makes no attempt to misrepresent Mr. Baldwin as a man of exceptional ability or interest. It tells rather dully about one who is admitted to be a dull person.

> When he was at school some Harrow master said of the future Prime Minister: —
>
> 'You will never do anything wrong, you have n't brains enough; but you will never do anything big either.'
>
> So far that prophecy has been fulfilled.

No one ever got into a great position having done so little to attract public attention. In Parliament he sat for twelve years without saying anything in particular. Then he very nearly 'chucked' politics altogether. He took a line against Mr. Lloyd George; he was in favor of breaking up the Coalition. He thought he would be defeated and driven out.

He wrote to his wife at this time: —

> I do not know what you will think of me, or what you will say about it. I have made my decision this time without consulting you. But I could do nothing else; I am going out of politics for good. We shall have the long holiday that we have promised ourselves for so long. We'll go to the South of France for two or three months. Then I shall go into business again, though I don't exactly know who will give me a job. Anyway, we shall live our own lives.

However, the Coalition *was* broken up, and in less than twelve months he was Prime Minister. Even in this great office he does not seem to be satisfied.

> 'I look forward to the time,' he says, 'when I can pick up the books in my library that are now covered with dust, which I never have time to look at, when I can devote myself to studies and to delights of that kind from which I have been too long alienated.'

Yet his reading does not seem to have given him a just view of history. He can write, for example: —

> I suppose the gifts of rhetoric have been responsible for more bloodshed on this earth than all the guns and explosives that have ever been invented. If we look back over the last century, was there anything more than the literary rhetoric of Rousseau that started the French Revolution, fanned by the verbal rhetoric of Robespierre and others, just as the Russian Revolution was due to the rhetoric of Kerenskii — rhetoric which filled the bellies of his people with east wind?

The 'rhetoric of Kerenskii' was a joke in the Duma. It had very little indeed to do with the Revolution. And in France the causes lay far deeper than *The Social Contract* and *The Causes of Inequality among Men.*

The truth seems to be that Mr. Baldwin is both unimaginative and yet given to posing. His remarks about going into business again and not knowing who would give him a job are transparently insincere. Mr. Whyte tells us that in 1919 he made an anonymous gift of one fifth of his fortune to the Treasury for the extinction of the War Debt. This came to £120,000, leaving him £360,000. A man so well provided for as that does not have to look for jobs!

So one is led to suspect that the longing for his library is a pose too. In his recent volume of speeches and addresses there was little to show that he had really ever made use of books to widen his outlook and steady his judgment. He can string together quotations and allusions, — a secretary can look them out for him, — but shallow thinkers can do that even better than profound ones. Mr. Baldwin must produce thoughts of his own which shall be worth something more than the usual stuff of political oratory if he wants to persuade us that he really delights in books.

Milestones, by the Marquis of Huntly. London: Hutchinson, 1926. *24s.*

[*Spectator*]

LORD HUNTLY was born in 1847, so it is easy to imagine that his reminiscences will have an interest to students of the Victorian Age. He has written a large, talkative, and discursive book which is rather a storehouse of anecdotes and scenes, characteristic of their time and place, than an ordered history of his times. The book is

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packed with stories of all kinds. There is a good one, for instance, of Disraeli, which makes our modern elections seem grim affairs indeed. It was at one of Disraeli's famous Buckingham elections. There were three candidates, Du Pré and Disraeli (Tory) and Mr. Charles Cavendish (Whig). 'The representation in the county had been thus arranged between the parties.' Lord Huntly gives us an account of the scene on the hustings: —

> Du Pré spoke first, and made a typical speech on the county squire lines. Disraeli followed with a long, flowery dissertation on foreign affairs, the iniquity of the Whigs, and the cruelties under which the farmers were suffering. The bulk of it his audience could not understand, but its exuberance awed them. When it came to Charles Cavendish's turn to speak, he was hoisted with difficulty on the table and received with loud cheers. All he said was, 'Electors of Bucks! Thank God, I am an honest man!' and promptly descended from his rickety position while the applause was renewed.

But most of Lord Huntly's stories are of a simpler kind of Scottish humor. Here is a typical one: —

> The express trains between Glasgow and Edinburgh used to stop at Larbert Junction for the collection of tickets. In a full first-class compartment one of the passengers could not find his ticket; he searched his pockets back and fore, but no ticket was forthcoming. At last the exasperated collector saw he had it in his mouth, and, pulling it out, he slammed the door saying, 'You hae it in yer moo, ye fule, keeping the train waiting!' When the train started, the passenger quietly remarked, to the astonishment of the others, 'Awm nae sic a fule as I look. Yon was an auld ticket, an' I was jist sucking the date aff.'

Not the least attractive feature of the book is the numerous illustrations. Some of the reproductions of Lawrence, Millais, and Watts, portraits of Lord Huntly's relations, are quite charming. This is a book full of the atmosphere of a bygone period and a bygone way of living, and it will interest many people for that reason.

Tom Fool, by F. Tennyson Jesse. London: Heinemann, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

It ought not to amaze us that Miss F. Tennyson Jesse should have written an unusual book. She is an author of original power, we know, who must have something special and personal to say, else she will be silent. Yet amazed we are by the unusual quality of her new novel, by its strength, its beauty, the singleness of its purpose and effect.

Her hero is a Lancashire lad, taken while still a boy by his parents to Australia, whose life thereafter is spent on the sea. Perhaps there was an authentic original for this Tom Fould. We have heard something of an emigrant's log in the now faded ink of the sixties put at the author's service; that may account for the fabric, close wrought with specific detail, of the early chapters on Wapping and Melbourne. Their knit texture is matched in those of the sailorman's adventures, remarkably circumstantiated by the lore of ships and nautical technique. The story is compact of physical evidences. Yet it is wholly an elusive romance of personality. The winds of poetry blow through its rigging. Beauty lies round it like the sea about its ships. Miss Jesse's hard pursuit of the material is ever pursuit of the spirit informing it — a questing after Tom's own quest for the everlasting hazardous moment of action on the edge of complete realization of self, something beyond the normal human experiences illustrated in his friendship with his friend John and his love for his wife Jennifer, episodes in the narrative displayed with much beauty.

Miss Jesse's is a fine story, concentrated, tense, and proudly respectful of the emotional significance which it holds. Nothing better than it has been done in fiction for many a day.

La Ville anonyme, by André Beucler. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

[*La Grande Revue*]

This is a first novel in which M. André Beucler makes a very remarkable début. He has not, however, escaped certain influences. He overdoes the baroque or merely unexpected kind of images so dear to Paul Morand, though he does preserve an originality of his own. Moreover, he is not indifferent to the fact that he was born in Petrograd. Slavic influence has been brought to bear, but however international, so to speak, the tone of his work may be, he remains French at bottom. The novel is anticipatory — it pictures existence in a European city during a revolution; but the material or moral disorders are so true to life that many eternal human sentiments appear and make a kind of bridge between two dissimilar generations. We must remember the name of M. Beucler.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Wooden Man, by Gilbert Norwood. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $2.50.

The Money Box, by Robert Lynd. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1926. $2.50.

THESE two books present an illuminating contrast. Professor Norwood is the thoughtful academic type. The worst failing of his collection of stories and essays is that the title occasionally suggests the author rather than the subject. This is especially true when he tries his hand at narrative, as in the first and title story, which describes a holiday hoax perpetrated by a group of playful scholars on a somewhat less sprightly coterie of philologists. The essay is more Professor Norwood's genre, for he is apt to have something worth saying, which he sets down in a natural style, more as if he were writing for his own pleasure than in order to amuse. It is in just this respect that he differs from Robert Lynd, who writes what Aldous Huxley once called 'those delightful little middles' for the *New Statesman*. Mr. Lynd is a successful journalist who knows the tricks of his trade. He consciously attempts to furnish entertainment, taking such subjects as cats, silence, children's money boxes, and motor travel in France. Unlike Professor Norwood, Mr. Lynd does not excel at theorizing and spinning webs of fancy that are all too thin. He is at his best describing a typical human situation, not only in talk, but in his analysis of the average person's state of mind. His mistake is that he tries to get reviewers to hail him as the heir to that unfortunate tradition started by Charles Lamb and perpetuated by a gray horde of whimsical dotards. In this respect both these books, especially Mr. Lynd's, skate on dangerously thin ice, and if they avoid breaking through it is because Mr. Norwood has something to say and Mr. Lynd knows how to say it.

Anatole France at Home, by Marcel Le Goff. New York: The Adelphi Company, 1926. $2.50.

AT this hour of the day, one has formed one's opinion on Anatole France. To those who feel that he was a smug and provincial bore who happened to be able to write well, this book will present no attraction whatever. But to those who, like M. Le Goff, still think of him as the Master this volume is recommended. The author began visiting M. France at La Bechellerie in 1914, and kept it up until the day the old fellow died. What we have here is not so much a psychological portrait, such as Brousson gave us in *Anatole France Himself*, as a compendium of the Master's opinions on contemporary subjects. The funniest thing in the book is the description of young Teddy Roosevelt's call, which — as M. Le Goff takes great pains to indicate — shows that young man's ignorance of French, and which also shows — as M. Le Goff takes no pains whatever to indicate — that the Master was as ignorant of English as he was of good manners. From these conversations we discover that the Master was intellectually a Red, though his private sympathies were always with the intelligentsia. His views on the war, save those that were colored by a rather extreme reverence for La France, have been proved in the light of subsequent events to be amazingly sound.

Herman Melville, by John Freeman. English Men of Letters, New Series. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $1.25.

IN this country the waters of Herman Melville's reputation have run beneath the ice so long that Americans will have little cause for resentment on learning that our cousins across the sea have now counted him one of themselves. Not resentment but warm satisfaction is properly to be evinced, for Mr. Freeman's study readily grants Melville ample praise as 'the most powerful of all the great American writers.' From this critical dictum, one of Mr. Freeman's major conclusions, more than one reader is likely to dissent — without losing his interest, however, in a provocative and smoothly written account that ought to make friends for itself. As a presentation of the salient facts of Melville's career, and as a well-rounded estimate of his books, Mr. Freeman's study is certainly adequate. He compares the American with Conrad, offering fresh observations on some possible literary influences. To readers who have yet to make the acquaintance of the author of *Moby Dick* and *Typee* this volume may be confidently recommended.

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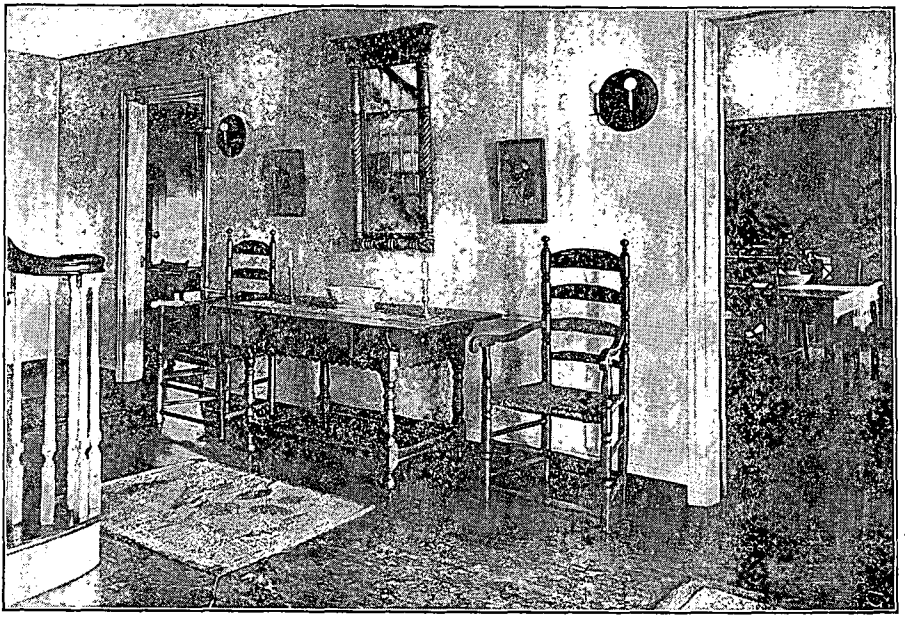

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